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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

[From the (London) Christian Guardian.]

THE MISANTHROPE.

'Papa, who is a misanthrope,' said Mr F's youngest daughter, who had evidently watched for a pause in the conversation.

'My dear, I am happy to say I do not know such a miserable character *now*; some years ago I was often in the company of one, but he is gone.'

'Papa, how can any one be a misanthrope? the dictionary says he is one who has an aversion to mankind; can any person really dislike everybody else in the world?'

'It is difficult to believe, Ellen, that such a state of mind can exist, but we do occasionally meet with men who strangely perverting the truth, fancy themselves living alone, as it were, in the world—alone in feeling—alone in tastes and character—this delusion prompts them to repress every rising feeling of sympathy with those around them in their own bosoms; and thus, having perversely determined to believe what is directly contrary to the word of God, and the dictates of that nature which he has given to human beings, they find their punishment in their sin, by ultimately becoming what they originally only imagined themselves—creatures without friends; passing a miserable existence, destitute of those sweet enjoyments of social life, which our benevolent Master has prepared for the refreshment and solace of his children, as they tread this land of trial; of course such a person must be unhappy, loving nobody and beloved by none. Could you suppose yourself comfortable, Ellen, if you thought no one cared for you?'

'Oh no, Papa, I could not be happy if you, and all those I love, did not love me.'

'Well, my dear, and that is part of the constitution or nature which God has given us, and though everything pertaining to human nature, since the fall of Adam, has ever been mixed with sin, still this principle of benevolent sympathy and love, is that to which, when purified by grace, we can most nearly resemble our Maker, and it brings us more happiness than aught else connected with this world.

'But who was the misanthrope you said you once knew, papa, did he live here?

'Yes, my dear, and as he afterwards became a very different character, possessing the warmest affections of all who were acquainted with him, I have no objection to mention his name, and describe the change which I witnessed during the period of my intimacy with him. You have often heard the cottagers speaking with veneration and gratitude of their benefactor, Mr Elton. Well, Ellen, that was the gentleman I alluded to. When I first came to this village, five and twenty years since, Mr Elton lived in the manor-house. He was then between thirty and forty years of age; highly educated, so far as accomplishments gained in early youth, and extensive reading could make him so—and, had the expression of his countenance betokened any thing like happiness, his appearance would have been pleasing. He inherited extensive estates, and had apparently at his command, every thing to form what the world considers an enviable lot: still he was miserable. His natural character certainly was peculiar, though, as was subsequently proved, there was nothing in it to prevent him from sharing in all the common enjoyments of life. He was accustomed to think deeply, but reasoning upon false data, he not only fell into error, but that error influenced most lamentably, a temperament highly excitable. He was destitute of religious principle, therefore his irritable and rebellious feelings found no balm to soothe them; his perverted mind without any gleam of divine truth to enlighten it, groped in the midst of a natural darkness too deep for any ray of comfort to penetrate. After he left college, he spent many years abroad—sometimes wandering among unknown regions in Africa; at others, mixing with the crowds which still throng the formerly luxurious cities of Italy, but always solitary. Communion with his fellow-creatures seemed unneccessary to him; so long had he formed his own society, that another's participation in his pleasures yielded *him* no additional joy. When summoned by the death of his father, to return to his native land, and assume the station and the duties which thus devolved upon him, he came unwillingly, and as far as possible, still lived the life of a recluse, once in a week permitting his steward a short interview, and occasionally joining his sister at the dinner table. This sister was the only surviving member of his family, and resided with him for a few months, but after her marriage removed into Cumberland. She was amiable and intelligent, and every effort which a kind and gentle female could make to change her brother's habits, and reform his modes of thinking, she tried; but in vain.

She mourned over the delusion which clouded his understanding, and destroyed his happiness; but this state of mind had been too long indulged, to be easily operated upon by human means, and she was constrained to listen to his assertions in silence, unable to convince him, that, contrary to his opinion, there is, in human bosoms, a responsive feeling of sympathy, an intuitive perception of another's happiness or misery; an actual enjoyment in the consciousness that we are ministering to another's comfort. These and many other points he combated, assuring her she was mistaken, and ere long would discover her error; he had never found a friend, but had always been deceived. He did not think there was any real love in the world, nor had he ever met with any one he considered worthy of regard; all that appeared estimable was a cloak to cover some motive they were ashamed of. To his sister's plea that she loved him, and he ought not to doubt her regard; he replied only by a bitter smile, convincing her that his own affections had been so long in a state of icy coldness, that nothing, save the bright beams of divine love, could recall them to life and vigor.

Shortly after I came to the village, Miss Elton married, and though my visits received no encouragement, I continued to call frequently at the Manor-House, and endeavored to become in some degree sociable with its master. Month after month passed away, and cold civility was all my welcome. Conversation with such a character was difficult. I endeavored to interest him in the domestic histories of some of his dependents, but he referred me to his steward, who was authorized to dispense his bounty. Politics he cared not for, and if questioned upon subjects connected with foreign lands, the shortest answer consistent with politeness was returned. Every topic relating to religion, he professed entire unconcern about; and in one particular I was grieved to see that his outward conduct was likely to be productive of much mischief in the parish—I mean the sad example he set of not hallowing the Sabbath.

'The squire was never seen at church; and as we none of us know, how far our influence may lead others astray, I thought it my duty, if possible, to represent this evil to him. I did this, and after using many other arguments without effect; begged he would attend the church, from the consideration that the example of the first man in the parish was of great consequence to me in my ministerial labors, and would materially impede or advance my efforts for the good of the people. Most unexpectedly this remark seemed to touch him, and henceforth he was present every Sunday morning. This was the first step towards that change, which in a few years was manifest to all. His conduct in the house of God was at first painful to witness; it was that of an indifferent spectator, but I was soon gratified by the interest which the services evidently excited in his mind, to him they possessed the attraction of novelty. Perhaps this is scarcely to be understood by any one who has not, like Mr Elton, passed many years in the neglect of public worship. He afterwards assured me, that at that time he seldom listened—he came, not to join in the service, but that, according to my request, he might be *seen* there. Soon, however, various passages in the Liturgy attracted his notice, more especially those texts in which the love of God to man is set forth. He then listened with attention; but he did not believe. 'No,' said he to himself, 'God loves me not, or why am I so miserable?' Again and again he inquired of his own heart; why he had been endowed with faculties for happiness, and yet was still so unblessed.

On each returning Sabbath he now hoped to hear this mystery unravelled. But his mind was darkened so that he could not perceive the truth. During these months, I could not but perceive a gradual improvement, perhaps I should say a softening of his character. He passed his days and weeks in solitude, wandering through his grounds absorbed in thoughts which he never divulged, conversing with no one, returning no visits; but he permitted *me* to speak freely, and bore patiently my endeavours to gain his confidence, by which I hoped in time to understand the unusual traits of a character which did not fail to interest, while it pained me. A physician must know somewhat of the nature of the disease before he can in any degree suit his remedies to the case. I need not say how often I left him disappointed. Mr Elton was always polite and always reserved: and though I believe he treated me with more respect than many of his neighbors from some undefined sentiment of regard for my ministerial character; yet I felt that his civility was cold and my advances repelled.

'I could only wait and watch for a more favorable season. Often has my heart ached at the contemplation of a man so eminently qualified to become a blessing to those around him (giving and receiving happiness) thus lamentably denying himself all the enjoyments of a social being.'

'But, papa,' said little Ellen, 'had he no one to live with him and talk to him? I think he would perhaps have loved them and been kind to them.'

'When he had relatives, my dear,' said her father, 'he left them, and preferred living far away from them. Many died during his absence, and at the time I speak of, his sister alone survived. Acquaintance you know he did wish for; but I quite agree with you in thinking, that had he been forced by circumstances to associate more with his fellow creatures, he could not have continued for so long a period in the state of selfish stoicism I am obliged to represent. But I will tell you the end of my story. One Sunday, when our Church provides that beautiful description of Christian charity to be read for the epistle; Mr Elton was present as usual. The passage struck him as remarkable; surely, he thought, he had never heard it before; nor was he able to drive the words from his memory. On the following morning I called on him, and to my surprise he introduced the subject—'*Thinketh no evil*'—he repeated, I have been thinking evil all my life—evil of my neighbors—'*doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own.*' Do you suppose Mr F. there is any one who answers to this description in the world?'

'There are many, my dear sir,' I replied, 'who strive to become what the Apostle pourtrays, but you know the human heart is full of envy, hatred, malice, selfishness, before it is renewed by divine grace, and cannot produce such blessed fruits as Christian love and peace.' A long conversation followed, during which I was astonished at the ignorance he displayed of most of the plainest religious truths; had he ever known them, they had passed from his recollection, and texts of Scripture which I occasionally quoted were a strange language. From this time a real intimacy was established between us; he begged me to say freely all I thought, and though not at all times unreserved himself, was never offended at my openness; on the contrary, he seemed grateful for the desire I manifested to cultivate his friendship. Our intercourse became very frequent, and of necessity I soon heard him express the sentiments and opinions which had till now influenced his mind and operated so sadly on his conduct. I always endeavored to answer his assertions by texts of Scripture; for experience has proved to me that no other language so directly conveys the truth, or convinces man of error and of sin. He was by no means an infidel, or scoffer at religion; but much too careless to believe any doctrine, too indifferent to search out any truth. In a state of natural alienation from his Maker, and ignorant of his dealings with the creatures he has formed, his understanding was blinded, his affections deadened, and far from supposing his unhappiness proceeded from his own corrupt heart, he rashly quarrelled with all mankind, and forswore all companionship with them. He told me he had never met a human being who could love him, and in return, I inquired if he had ever testified his regard for others; had he ever felt that concern for their happiness, which would inspire them with confidence, excite their gratitude, and win their regard. He seemed to recollect that he had not, but assured me that in early life his character had ever been mistaken, and those he could have esteemed had always avoided him, giving him no cordiality of love, or sympathy of sentiment. I hinted that perhaps he had expected too much return from persons upon whom he had bestowed but a small portion of confidence, and inquired whether his own reserve of character had not deprived him of the warm affection of many hearts, which were unable to penetrate the veil which always concealed his own feelings.

'Again and again were these conversations repeated. I tried to believe my arguments were not always useless; and I well remember once remarking to him, that it is well for us sometimes to find that human sympatny is of no avail, for then we fly for consolation to that 'Friend who sticketh closer than a brother,' we seek for help and comfort in such moments from HIM, who as the Father of our spirits, knoweth whereof we are made, and can give to his children in every emergency, that which is suited to their need: no disappointment awaiting those who apply to that fountain.

'He looked at me with a sadness which said that he knew of no such refuge. Six months passed away, and I saw no alteration in Mr Elton. Whenever he conversed with me, he constantly dwelt upon that which was his great stumbling-block, or rather I should say, the snare into which Satan had beguiled him, of believing himself a being separated from others by an impenetrable and unknown barrier, which must shut him out from sympathy and love.

'I am sure no one understands me, he would say; 'they know not when I suffer, they cannot tell what would make me happy: if there are beings in the world capable of friendship, why am I so desolate? Surely it is because I am constituted differently from my fellows. They do not comprehend my thoughts or feelings, neither can I enter into their delights, or suit myself to their fancies, therefore we repel each other, and must for ever remain apart.'

'Not so, my friend;' 'a new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another,' 'bear ye one another's burdens;' 'be pitiful, be courteous, be kindly affectioned one towards another, in honor preferring one another.' 'Do you quote those words from Scripture,' said Mr Elton? I answered that I did, and before we parted on that day, I gained a promise from him, that he would himself read the New Testament through. I felt convinced, the more I conversed with him, that for the pride and hardness of heart which caused his misery, there was but one cure, the only cure for sin; even that love shed abroad in the heart, which transforms this barren rock into a well of true benevolence, whose streams can enrich and fertilize all around.

'Mr Elton kept his word, and from that time studied the sacred volume daily: there he read of a Savior, and asked if he had any need of one. This self-examination was blessed to him. The Holy Spirit showed him his sinfulness, and he felt that he had neither loved his God nor his neighbor. Then did he marvel at that love wherewith God had loved him, in sending his Son to save him.

'But I cannot repeat the many conversations which passed between us, nor the regrets he now expressed for the sinful perversion of mind which had so long led him to view himself and his fellow-creatures, not as the children of one common Father, who wills that all should be holy and happy, but as creatures who could only torment and hate each other. The change must be described in the words of the apostle, 'Old things had passed away, all things had become new.' He now began to live in the love of God and man, and his heart expanded in the warm sunshine of generous and benevolent affections.

'Desirous of others' happiness he went about like his Savior doing good, and very shortly there was not even a child to be found on his estate, with whom he had not made acquaintance. He sought out those in distress to comfort them, fed the needy, and induced the ignorant to apply for instruction; he became interested in their concerns, and was ever at hand to administer succor to all in difficulty; advice to all who required it, and with the truest kindness to encourage all who deserved it. The schools and societies of the parish likewise experienced his care, and his time and thoughts were so fully occupied, that the days were not long enough for the various duties which crowded upon him. Do not suppose, Ellen, that this change was produced in a day, a week or a month. No, it was gradual, but it was abiding. He had mourned over his iniquity, and now he daily prayed, and watched and struggled against the sin which so easily beset him.

'There were moments when his previous disgust and disappointment returned upon him, the recollection that *all* have sinned, and that Christ died for *all*, was the never-failing medicine for the disease of his mind, restoring to him the power of bearing with, and loving like his heavenly Master, even the unthankful and unholy, the selfish and the unfeeling. His sister and her family now found their due places in his regard, and 'dear uncle Elton' became the favorite instructor and play-fellow of the little ones. His servants were not forgotten either, but received all the care and attention which a Christian master can bestow upon those, of whom he knows he must hereafter render an account.

'Grateful for that love which had saved him from temporal and eternal misery, he was constantly solicitous that others should partake of it, and as a faithful steward of the many talents he had hitherto neglected, he now dedicated his influence, his property, his time, and all his mental and bodily powers, to the service of his forgiving Father, and the benefit of his fellow creatures.

'And now my dear Ellen, I can only stop to tell you, that after living many years the beloved and honored head of this village, my valued assistant in every work of love, the spiritual as well as temporal benefactor of numbers, it was my painful duty about eight years since, to commit to the grave this dear and lamented friend. This is my history of a misanthrope. St. John says, 'He who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen.' And again, 'He who loveth God, will love his brother also.' 'Charity never faileth.' 'Above all things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness,' and the peace of God shall rule in your hearts.

'One word more, and I have done. Let me warn you, my dear child, against the first rising of any mistrust in your mind. 'Charity believeth all things; believe that those around you love you, and if in some instances which may arise as you pass through life, you shall find yourself mistaken, and meet only coldness where you expected friendship, still will you be happier than if you thought the contrary. 'Love is born of love,' and while you encourage the sentiment in your own breast, you must in some degree excite it in others: assuredly a benevolent regard for the happiness of others, will ever bring its own reward; and as one of the followers of the blessed Savior, should you ever experience real injuries, a prayer for the forgiveness of your enemies, will be your only revenge; for 'Charity endureth all things.'

APPLAUSE.—The tooth of slander conceals a virulence that may poison a reputation which a whole life has been spent in earning. The applause of the world! A breath expires it; and how often does the returning inspiration re-

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PERVERSION.—How many are guilty of the folly of regarding privileges as pledges—present favors as earnests of future blessedness. They suppose that there is no danger of God's changing his method of dealing with them—that being so indulgent to them now, he will never cease to be so. They forget the difference between probation and retribution. They forget that 'there are first, that shall be last,' and that some 'who are exalted to honor, shall be cast down to hell.'

You cannot scourge yourself into the favor of God, nor emaciate yourself into acceptance with him.

Men are often willing to do towards securing salvation, more than is required of them, if they but be permitted to do according to their own mind and in their own manner.—They are agreed to strive to enter in at the strait gate, if they may do it in their own way. It is not to the amount, but to the nature of the requisitions of the Gospel, that they are averse. They are ready to make sacrifices of property and personal comfort, to almost any extent, if these things may but be the price of their redemption.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

A FRAGMENT.

'And yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.'

Was there ever a man upon the earth, who could more truly be said to be alone, in the worldly sense of the word, than Jesus of Nazareth? The want of sympathy is indeed an unfailing accompaniment of superior elevation, and he who excels the rest of mankind, is compelled to feel that though in the world, he is not of the world. But was there ever a man whose every thought, wish, and habit was more completely at variance with the prevalent views of his age and people? A doer of the Father's will amidst a stiff-necked and perverse generation, the Prince of Peace among a people thirsting for the blood of their enemies, the founder of a spiritual kingdom among men whose hearts were set as the heart of one man upon the establishment of an irresistible earthly dominion, was he not alone? A meek and humble servant trusting in the gracious assistance of the divine spirit in the midst of self-righteous pretended doers of the law, a believer in the new revelations of God among the blind slaves of superstition and tradition, quickened by the spirit, and not slain by the letter, with only a few companions who were constantly misapprehending and underrating him, was he not emphatically alone? Think too of the sufferings which solitude was to aggravate. Other martyrs have been able to look back to the cross of Jesus, for comfort and support. They have looked round upon admiring crowds, or at least have been able to recognize the faces of bold adherents, and active promoters of the doctrine for which they were called to suffer, and with holy joy and triumph have said in spirit if not in fact with the brave old English martyr, 'Be not disturbed, good Master Ridley, for we have this day lighted up a torch in England which by the grace of God shall never be extinguished.' Jesus, on the contrary, almost alone and unaided, lifted up that cross which was to draw all men unto him. He had no outward stay, no arm of flesh to rest upon; almost every man capable of rendering him assistance was opposed to, or had forsaken him, and but one weak disciple remained. But why do we speak of this want of external support?—Is it not as nothing when compared with that feeling of utter solitariness and desolation, which must have come over him at moments, when the thought that he was alone in the *moral* world came to him with full force? How strong must have been that confidence in the existence and omnipresence of the Father, which could chase away all gloomy thoughts, and bring sunny peace into the heart of 'lost man.' If this consolation of our Savior was thus comprehensive in its application to his own case, how admirably is it fitted to meet the wants of his suffering disciples in after times. With good reason has it been said that Christianity is the faith of the mourner, and the sentence which forms our motto, may be called the mourner's sentence.

Who that has lived long has not experienced that feeling of utter desolation which comes over one who has lost his dearest friend? The world is in sober earnest a desert, and we seem to wander not like a merry troop of travellers through sunny fields, but, weary, wayworn, lonely pilgrims through barren wastes, wishing only to lie down and be at rest. How timely for such the admonition, 'thou art not alone, because the Father is with thee.' God has indeed blessed thee with a dear friend, and has taken what he gave, that he may bless thee more. But is he not with thee in thy remaining friends? does he not speak to thee in the ever changing yet ever beautiful scenes of nature?—is he not with thee in the voices of the 'great past?'—is he not finally ever drawing thee to himself by the sweetest influences? Truly thou art not alone.

How soothing also to the old man comes the admonition. He has been left in his earthly pilgrimage to wander alone, long after his companions have been gathered to their fathers, and he can see their long known faces no more. He must walk among a generation that know him not, and can be near his friends in any sense only by dwelling among the tombs. That old man spoke from his heart who said 'that it seemed as if he had been forgotten,' as if death had overlooked him alone of countless myriads. Thou too art not alone. He is with thee, in comparison with whom all these friends are as nothing, and in his own good time will bring down thy gray hairs in joy and honor to the grave.

How comforting too, in the hour of death to feel that God is with us in our passage through the dark valley. To the faithful soul this passage is not indeed 'a leap into the dark,' but it may be considered an astounding, tremendous change. The image of sleep by which it has been depicted and softened, does but poorly express it. In the one case, the body and mind are indeed sweetly at rest, but they are at rest *together;* while in the other, the soul is called to leave the pleasant home of its youth, of which it has become as it were a part, and seek new and untried scenes. All associations connected with this world of matter and this body of matter which pass away, must be broken up, for all these things must be dissolved, being seen and therefore temporal, our habits of thought and action must be changed, and we must begin a new life. A dark veil falls over our eyes, and shuts out from our sight the pleasant land which we can never tire of beholding. The faces of familiar friends grow paler, their voices fall more faintly upon the ear, and everything real and tangible seems to elude our grasp, while we are left alone, and yet not alone, because the Father is with us. He is our pledge that we shall leave this world only for a better, and himself will be with us on our way.

But it is comparatively easy to die among one's kindred, and friends, under our own native sky, breathing in the air which rejoiced us in childhood, and taking the last look of the pleasant land of the Fathers. Supported by the sympathy and tender anxiety of friends, we may yield with comparative resignation to the will of the Father that puts an end to this earthly pilgrimage. But how different to die in a strange land. How hard to endure the feeling of solitariness which must come over one who is drawing near his end among strange, unsympathising faces; how bitter the practical conviction that the tie of universal brotherhood but ill supplies the place of social and natural affections. How soothing to such an one, thus struggling out of life, will be the words, 'And yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.' No distance of place can keep me from him, but he is ever present and manifest to the pure in heart. In his light I shall see light—light that even now dispels the darkness that seems to gather around me. Thus through all time, with ever varying application, sounds the voice of Jesus, and finds needy, anxious listeners. How happy our lot that we can catch the joyful strains, and receive the blessing promised to those who not having seen, have yet believed. To the public martyr, and to the silent sufferer, it is a faithful consoler, and it infinitely surpasses the consolations of the world, inasmuch as they lead us to that which passeth in continual succession, while this simple teaching directs us to him who ruleth and blesseth for ever and ever.

CONVERSION.—The subject of a sudden and instantaneous conversion, has given rise to much debate.—The whole difficulty that has has been gathered around this subject, may be removed by making one obvious distinction. *Conversion* is sudden, is instantaneous; but *religion, piety,* or *sanctification* is progressive. In other words, religion is progressive, but the first step in that progression is instantaneous.

I have long since ceased to marvel at the doctrine of regeneration.

OUR BLESSINGS MORE THAN OUR CROSSES.—Consider that our good days are generally more in number than our evil days, our days of prosperity (such, I mean as is suitable to our condition and circumstances) than our days of adversity. This is most certain, though most of us are apt to cast up our accounts otherwise. How many days (of at least competent) health we enjoyed for one day of greivous sickness! How many days of ease, for one of pain! How many blessings for a few crosses! For one danger that hath surprised us, how many scores of dangers have we escaped, and some of them very narrowly!—But, alas! we write our mercies in the dust, but our afflictions we engrave in marble; our memory serves us too well to remember the latter, but we are strange ly forgetful of the former. And this is the greatest cause of our unthankfulness, discontent and murmuring.—*Bishop Bull.*

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Although I acknowledge it may be possible for a man to be a very devout man, yet never to have opened his lips in *spoken* prayer, still the case is so improbable that I do not believe it ever occurred. And although I believe a pious man may bring up his children to love God and to love prayer, without ever praying in their presence, still I believe such cases are extremely rare also. I do believe that it is proper for a Christian to unite in public prayer with the congregation, to join in social prayer with the family, and to engage in private prayer by himself, and that it is his duty to perform these services regularly and in a devout manner with the heart. Yet I find many families professedly Christian, who in their families do not recognize God at all. They rise in the morning, eat every meal through the day and retire at night and never once while together, either give thanks for the mercies they receive or ask for blessings. They acknowledge not God in their ways, and a stranger among them would not suppose they professed to be followers of the Lamb.

There is such a manifest propriety in the use of family worship that I do not see how it can be omitted. A family is bound together by so many ties, each member is so deeply interested in the welfare of the others, and they receive so many benefits in common, that it seems fit they should in common return thanks for those benefits, and ask in common for those blessings which they all need. And if there be children in a family, how proper that they should have the example of prayer daily before them. If they daily see their parents kneeling at the throne of grace, will they not feel that they too must have need to go there? If they see their parents daily seeking for wisdom in the book of life, will they not feel that they too must certainly need instruction from the same source? If there be servants in the family, how proper that they should have the example set them of looking to a higher Master than any upon earth, and seeking to please him above all. How cheering to their hearts this practical acknowledgment that we are all servants of one master even Christ, and all brethren of the same family How powerful the influence upon them of thus seeing the more wealthy and powerful acknowledging that they are equally sinners depending upon God's forgiveness and bounty with themselves.

Let me speak a word too upon the practice of blessing God before we eat. I have found ministers of the gospel even, who did not ask a blessing at any meal save dinner, and I am acquainted with families, who ask it at breakfast only. Again I know some who ask it on the Sabbath alone. Are these compromises with duty right? Does God give food on the Sabbath more than on other days, or more at one meal than another, or are we under greater obligations to him for food at one time than another? Some too hurry through it in such a flippant, thoughtless, heartless way, that others refuse to do it at all, and say that it always is a piece of hypocritical formality. But is this right? Can any follower of Jesus refuse to follow an example which he observed? He always lifted up his eyes and thanked or blessed his Heavenly Father before he partook of food. Without his authority even nature would teach us that it was proper to return thanks publicly for favors publicly bestowed. The practice of the very heathen condemns us. To what meal did Greek or Roman sit without offering a libation and thanksgiving.

There is an objection to too frequent prayer in the presence of others, I confess, which has had some weight with me. I have thought that it might tend to make one less frequent in his private communings with his Father. But this I doubt unless family prayers are made to occupy so much time as to both fatigue those engaged, and make them feel as if they had spent too much time already in prayer. I do not believe that a short but warm hearted thanksgiving before each meal, and fifteen minutes each day spent in reading the scripture and prayer with the family, will make any one less frequent, less interested, or less profited at his private devotions.

Christian reader, set up, I pray thee, the family altar in thy house, and daily offer upon it the sacrifice of a grateful and penitent heart, and be assured that God will accept thy gift and bless the giver. E. N. P.

THE FRUITS OF GENUINE CHRISTIAN LOVE.—Let him that hath ingenuity, plan, and him that hath strength labor, and him that hath money give, and him that hath none of these, as well as him that hath all of them, bow the knee, and with the faith of Abraham and the fervor of Elijah, pray that the kingdoms of this world may become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ.

To believe our neighbor immortal, and yet in our love to regard and treat him only as a mortal—to know he has a soul, and yet to feel no concern and take no care of his soul—to feed him with the bread that perisheth, and yet never offer his famishing spirit a morsel of the bread of heaven—to find him fainting with thirst, and yet give him none of the waters of life—to help him along through this brief world, and yet never seek to throw one kindly influence upon his immortal course, cannot be to love our neighbor as God intended we should.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

THE AURORA.

Mr. Editor,—I pity the person who did not see the glories of the heavens on Tuesday night—still more the person who saw and did not wonder and adore. Being in the country, I had a chance to see all around me. You who are in the city are prisoned in by hot brick walls, so that many of you can only see directly over head. Permit me therefore to whisper into the ears of some of your readers, a feeble attempt at description, of that which even if seen by all, ought not to pass wholly without comment.—For these things do not speak to us every night.—They are as angel visits—and, when they have gone, we feel indeed as if angels had been ministering unto us.

Early in the evening I was called out of the house by the exclamation of friends, 'What is it?'—I thought the sky was starry and perfectly cloudless—the air perfectly still. But what a sight was there! Had the fountains of morning burst out upon the night—in impatience or wild mischief?—The whole heavens were wavering and spreading with broad streams of light, some of them of pure white, like moonlight upon snow,—others of a deep, rosy, blushing red. These streams at first shot from the horizon around, upwards to the zenith, where they formed into a centre. Then after remaining nearly motionless, awhile, they shot downwards again, sometimes vanishing and then reappearing in full vividness, and condensed into long bright bars of light. When united around the zenith, they looked like the interior of some glorious flower, born in the skies—the night-blowing-cereus come to my mind, with the delicate tints of its deep fairy-like corolla. Now there came gushing up from the Northeast a flood of light of the deepest and most exquisite carnation. At first one might think a great conflagration was raging in that direction—but no!—that light is too pure—too etherial—It is no earth-born fire—it is the element of the upper world. It broadens upward to the centre—like a great unfolding petal—the East and Northeast are blushing red. But off in the Southwest, how intensely white the petal which is there let down!—But did I compare this glory to a flower? No—it takes another form. It is a broad white and red curtain or veil let down, dimming the stars with a misty eclipse;—and lo! a *fringe* to the curtain, of purple and orange—a *rainbow* for its hem!—But this too changes—the curtain is gathering up in wavering fragments—and now it seems a pouring shower or *storm* of light, almost dazzling the eye. Now it is like the fluttering of broad pinions—or that scene in the Ancient Mariner, where

> The upper air burst into life,
> And a thousand fire-flags sheen;
> To and fro they were hurried about,
> And to and fro, and in and out
> The wan stars danced between.

Slender bars now shoot up, and vanish as quick. Now the light ripples upwards over the stars as over bright pebbles, in wavering, interrupted streamlets:—now in mass, like some steady broad river current: and there seems a great reservoir at the zenith which this tide of light is journeying up to fill. But now the reservoir is full—the streams are pushed back again—the tide ebbs. The white light darts off like the forming of crystals—and becomes separated, and vanishes in the blue star-vault. Gradually, as the night wears late, the wavings of light grow less and less frequent and distinct—till nothing is left but a steady brightness, around the horizon, like the light before moonrise.

How noiseless all this ministry of the heavens—yet how eloquent! How full of beauty, of mystery!

> Where is the way to the abode of light?
> And darkness, where is its dwelling place?

Philosophy with rigid finger and cold eye may endeavor to point it out to us.—But the heart turns away, enamored of the glowing apparition, and would rather take refuge in superstition, believing it a host of spirit forms, than hear it with complacent smile, and unawed voice, pronounced to be a display of the Electric fluid, as if there ended *all* its meaning.

C. P. C.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

Mr. Editor,—I wish, through your paper, to ask those who are interested in the thing, and those whose influence is wanted to bring it about, *why we cannot have a cheaper, or at least a pocket edition of Greenwood's Hymns.* I see by my copy that 24 editions have already been published. This shows that it is popular and in demand. And no doubt it will be more extensively used in our Unitarian churches, as it becomes better known. I have thought that the favorable reception it has met with, might encourage the proprietors or publishers to issue an edition in a different, if not cheaper form.

We want it in a form convenient for a variety of occasions, and suitable and accessible to those of every condition and age.

We want a cheaper edition for the poor, for it is a fact there are some poor people among us, who would be glad to sing the praises of God. And we want a pocket edition for lectures in private houses, and for children. If we could have a cheap edition, and another of small size, I have no doubt, many more of the poor and young in our congregations, would be furnished with books, and consequently take a deeper interest in our services. Unless such editions are published, many will continue to go to church without this aid to their devotion. If it is important that any except the clergyman and the choir have hymn books, it is important that all should have them. I have written this communication with the hope that others will use their influence in furthering this object, if in their judgment it will promote the cause of Christian piety, and increase the number of those who will worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

THE HIGHEST PATTERN.—As it will raise our endeavor high, to look on the highest pattern, so it will lay our thoughts low concerning ourselves. Men compare themselves with men, and readily with the worst, and flatter themselves with that comparative betterness. This is not the way to see our spots, to look into the muddy streams of profane men's lives; but look into the clear fountain of the word, and there we may both discern and wash them. Consider the infinite holiness of God, and this will humble us in the dust. When Isaiah saw the glory of the Lord, and heard the Seraphim cry, 'Holy, holy, holy,' he cried out of his own and the people's unholiness, 'Wo is me, for I am undone, for I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts.'—*Leighton.*

(From the National Ægis.)

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF DR. BANCROFT.

The old man is at rest; the full-ripe ear
Is gathered to the granary of God.
The noble relic of the olden time,
Beneath the weight of years, has sunk at last.
The shepherd, silver-haired and reverend,
Has gone to meet the flock of his first love,
By heaven's still waters and its pastures green—
The spirit's 'father land.' The living link
Which bound this generation to the last,
Lies broken in that old man's new made grave.
That manly heart, which sorrows of long years
And lingering frosts of age could never chill;
That calm, clear eye, that mirrored to the last
The light of heaven; that earnest, fearless voice
To which our fathers lent a reverent ear,
Which fell upon our own as the deep tones
Of some old oracle; and that strong mind
That poured new light upon the word of God,
Which based its faith upon the adamant,
And reared its structure from the living rock,
Are ours no more.

And yet we shed no tears:—
The work which God gave him to do, was done;
His weary spirit yearned for its repose;
The voice of death was music to his ear,—
An angel's whisper which but called him home.
That soul illumined by the holy fire
Upon our earthly altar fanned by him,
Why should we mourn that it is radiant now
With that celestial light which from the throne
Of the Eternal pours its dazzling rays?
Or that with rapture it hath met again,
In closer fellowship, the loved on earth,
And with the wise and good of ages past,
In heaven made perfect, held communion sweet?

Calmly the good man sank to his repose;
There were few clouds around his setting sun,
And they were kindled by the golden light
His sinking orb upon its pathway threw.

Welcome and beautiful art thou, O Death,
When, in the tranquil evening of his life,
Thou comest gently to the good man's couch,
To loose the tie which binds him to the earth,
And bear his spirit homeward on thy wings.
Oft is thy form with awful terrors clad;
To *him* thou art arrayed in robes of light,
And in thy face his sinking eye beholds
An angel's lineaments, and on thy brow
A seraph's holy smile.

T.

For the Register and Observer.

Having often attended to the subject of slavery in the United States, for fifty years, since the adoption of the Constitution, and I think with impartiality, I do not read all I see written lately, as nothing new has been offered for a long time. But observing an article in your last number, with the name of a highly respectable individual, who is a man of good judgment as well as of good feelings, I read it with attention. And I am at a loss to perceive any benefit to arise from the remarks of the benevolent and pious author. Dr *Willard* says, 'That, after much reading and thinking on the subject, and making proper allowances for exaggeration and for extenuation, on both sides, the result has been, that I believe in the safety, the expediency and the duty of abolishing the system of slavery [in this country] as *soon as it can be done* by MORAL AND CONSTITUTIONAL *means.*'

Perhaps, there is not a citizen in one of the New England States who will refuse assent to this sentiment, so consonant to *humanity*, to *reason* and to *justice*. But the very worthy gentleman must excuse me, when I ask, with the best intentions, and in perfect sincerity and great deference, if he will point out 'the means, moral and constitutional, by which slavery can be abolished?' And 'how soon it can be thus done?' Whether immediately or gradually? I humbly conceive, that it is saying very little, either new or satisfactory, to declare in favor of doing away slavery in the United States, 'as soon as it can be done with *safety*, and by *moral* and *constitutional* means!'

This is the *nodus magnus*. We all agree that slavery is unjustifiable in theory; in the abstract. But, as Mr *Adams* says, it will not do in all cases to legislate on abstract principles, without regard to circumstances. Those who are not in favor of constantly agitating and pressing this subject, demand, and have a right to demand, of the abolitionists, as they are called, what are 'the moral and constitutional means;' and 'means consistent with safety,' proposed for the most desirable end. We have had enough of abstraction, enough of theory, and enough of argument in favor of universal freedom. But in the present state of society, in several sections of our country, and with the implication and 'fundamental principles' of the federal compact, too, how can the people, in any other parts, interfere? How can we, 'by moral and constitutional means,' do away the evil, as we consider it? We have no more right—moral or conventional right,—to interfere than we have to *emancipate Ireland*, or *Russia*, or *Turkey*. Or to render more equal the labors and stipend of the different ranks of clergy in England. Or to interfere with the rigid discipline aboard a ship of war. Or to require our red brethren to labor, and to treat their women with more lenity, tenderness and affection.

Slavery in the Southern States is not an affair of people in the other States. We did not establish it, nor introduce it; nor do we approve it, nor support it. But may we not justly talk about it, and write about it, and reason about it? Certainly: if it will do any good. But, as I have hinted, we do not want argument, nor theory. We want a method proposed, to do away slavery by '*moral and constitutional means*,' and with *safety* to the Union. Let such means be proposed, and I venture to promise that those opposed to much of the conduct of the abolitionists, will join heart and hand in the work; and will do as much and give as much as the loudest talkers. I ask sober and rational men to read the Hon. Mr *Sherman's* and president *Adams's* letters

Great stress is laid on severe and cruel treatment. But, apart from the consideration that these are often exaggerated,* who does not perceive, that this affects not the principle? If slaves are treated ever so kindly, this does not justify slavery in the abstract. In many instances persons are obliged to labor hard, where there is no cruelty and no injustice. The ground assumed in the argument against slavery, is, that it is never justifiable: and it is therefore admitted 'that *moral* and *constitutional* means may be used to abolish it.' In this, we all agree. But I repeat, the question is, how far shall we proceed in this great work, in the use only of such means? The abolitionists contend for immediate emancipation; and say the evil of slavery is so great, that any means would be justifiable for its removal. And the voice of every discreet man, approving of their object, increases their zeal, and hastens on the catastrophe productive of incalculable calamity and suffering. Ought it not to be inculcated, that no supposed good in prospect will apologize for the use of means, which necessarily cause injustice, suffering and anarchy?—My name can add nothing to the justness of these remarks, but there is no reluctance in withholding it.

B.

* Twelve years ago, I passed Christmas day at Mount Vernon, with Judge *Bushrod Washington*. The next morning I was walking out early, and I found the Judge visiting the dwellings of the blacks—and he said he visited all of them, every morning before breakfast, to see how they were, especially the aged and infirm, and see if they needed any thing. Next day after, I passed with Mr *Custis*, near Georgetown—and his lady left the table soon after dining—it was Sunday—and said she always personally instructed and catechised the colored children herself, with others to assist her.

LOVE FERVENTLY.—Let the love of your brother be as a fire within you, consuming that selfishness which is so contrary to it, and is so natural to men; let it set your thoughts on work to study how to do others good; let your love be an active love, intense within you, and extending itself in doing good to the souls and bodies of your brethren as they need, and you are able.

It is self-love that contracts the heart, and shuts out all other love, both of God and man, save only so far as our own interest carries, and that is still self-love; but the love of God dilates the heart, purifies love and extends it to all men, but after a special manner directs it to those who are more peculiarly beloved of him. —*Leighton.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER 14, 1839.

THE WORKS OF J. S. BUCKMINSTER, with Memoirs of his Life. In Two Volumes. Boston, James Munroe & Co.

Buckminster appeared at a time when the example and influence of a superior man, devoted to the cultivation and cause of piety were much needed in this community. Traditionary reverence for religion and its institutions was evidently declining. The confiding, unquestioning faith of education was losing its force. The sentiments and conceptions transmitted from the fathers, were relaxing their hold on men's minds and affections. The foundations were breaking up. The waters of the great deep were rising in their lawless power. The words and tones that used to lay their rude waves and charm them into tranquillity had lost their divine energy. The leaven of French infidelity also had been broadly infused. Arrogant scepticism, fearless, exposed its impudent front. Those who possessed or affected superior cultivation spoke slightingly of religion and its ministers. The love of a multitude was waxing cold and the confidence of the most firm adherent was less fixed and unfaltering. The appearance and powers of such a man at such a time were most fortunate. The happy results were and are incalculable. These tendencies were effectually checked. Presumptuous doubt stood rebuked. Empirical assumptions and pretensions were spoiled of their plumes. Haughty infidelity blushed in the presence of so elevated refinement and transcendent genius. The voice of believers became certain and bold. The trembling altars of our faith regained their impressive positions. The gathering clouds dispersed before the rising splendors of a mind so intelligent, so commanding, so wrapt and inspired. We complain now of the irreligious tendencies at work among us. But where should we have been if his influence and efforts had been withheld? We are little aware how deeply we are indebted to this most precious gift of God. An individual so gifted, in any circumstances, engaged in the cause of religion is of vast advantage. But in other countries the dazzling rewards, the church holds out, are at least sufficient to cast a shade of suspicion over the sincerity and disinterestedness of the most eminent endowments. And thus the exertions of the best men are in some degree enfeebled. But here it is not. When a man, with powers that might have carried him to the throned heights of society, freely, gladly devotes himself to the interests of religion, to the comparatively obscure duties of a parish minister, there is nothing to obstruct the deep and wide impression of his talents and character. The flood of light that streams from him is unqualified. Not one foul breath can dim the brightness of his glory. He shines upon the world from a cloudless heavens. His influence, unquestioned, enters and pervades the hearts of men. He is a voluntary sacrifice to truth and God without spot or blemish. The absence with us of those lures, presented by a religious establishment, is, in this way, of much advantage. It gives to character its full force. A good and great man here has all the influence and power that justly belongs to him.

Men differ as much in their moral as in their intellectual capacities. In some the spiritual element appears to predominate. They hunger and thirst after righteousness with a deeper intensity. They naturally, almost irresistibly, rise and dwell among the things that are divine and eternal. As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so pant their spirits after God. It is their meat and drink to serve him. They can rest only under the shadow of his wings. They are endued with a more clear and piercing vision into the mysteries of the universe. To them the veil of flesh is *almost* withdrawn. The objects of faith are *real* substances. What to others are flitting shadows, to them are palpable realities. They bathe in light which has hardly dawned on the world. They see and hear what others dimly perceive and hope. In a peculiar sense God dwells in them and they in God. They have never felt the conflicts and bondage of a disproportioned and earth-fettered spirit. They have ever walked in the green pastures of salvation, beside the still streams. From infancy they have sat on the calm mountains of meditation, and seen angels ascending and descending. They were ever in heaven, in the bosom of the Father. They are the elect teachers and prophets of the race—the guiding fires that blaze along the dark progress of the past—stars in the moral firmament whose light shall never go out. They are divinely commissioned. To this goodly fellowship Buckminster belongs. He was called from his birth. The seal of the spirit was upon him. He was full of holy, everlasting life—ever welling up in perennial freshness and power. He was baptised with fire and the finest and noblest influences. And the dove of heaven's peace had descended upon him. He was not of the world, but came down from the Father of lights, beauty and glory. He was not made but produced. We have expressed the impressions made by his writings and what we have learned of his life. He died before we were able to utter his name. His sermons are among the few, we can turn to after reading some favorite portions of the Bible. They are not the efforts of reason or mental energy or talent. They are the offspring of the highest and richest portion of the soul, emanations of what is best and divinest in our nature. They are not so remarkable for their conceptions and originalities of thought as for the quickening and elevating influence they shed into the soul. While perusing them we feel the throbbings and aspirings of a heaven-born spirit. Their power lies in the sentiment that pervades them. Beneath the surface we hear and feel the flowings of a warm, deep river—the river of life, whose springs are on high. Those who have not studied them have not yet tasted some of the finest and most nutricious spiritual bread.

And his discourses are free from some faults that injure the effect of many excellent compositions. There is no evidence or manifestation of personal feeling about them. There is not one word or phrase or passage *so* finished and felicitous as to cause us to think he was consulting vanity and reputation. There is no striving after effect—no labored intensity, no feeble vehemence. He is not trying to say something original, impressive, beautiful and pathetic—but to express deep feelings and convictions. He is not talking *about* important matters, but pouring forth a portion of the living thoughts and emotions that abound within. A necessity is upon him. Woe would be his if he did not preach. But yet he is never extravagant. He does violence to none of our natural sentiments. In his highest flights he carries our sympathies with him. He never oversteps the modesty and the moderation of nature. It is said his preaching was much indebted to his manner. But we would rather say his manner was indebted to the tenderness, pathos and magnanimity of his mind, to that indescribable spiritual animation spoken of by those who heard him. It was the inspiration of a soul intensely alive. Such power could hardly fail of its appropriate results. The lightning owes not its fearful force to the beautiful drapery of clouds in which it is enveloped—nor *real* eloquence its thrilling energies to the graces of studied rhetoric.

THE WATCHMAN OF THE SOUTH.

The editor of this paper has done us the honor of commenting on some of our late remarks. We allow that literally understood our language is exposed to the criticism he has made. But then a writer's words ought to be interpreted by reference to his known opinions and principles. When we said unholy desires are awakened—we meant of course desires that may, by perversion or over indulgence or wrong indulgence, become vicious or unholy. We deny most earnestly that any of our desires and passions are by nature vicious or unholy. We defy this editor or any other to prove that any one is bad, could be dispensed with, or that its removal would not be an injury. We affirm that our nature is wisely and wonderfully constituted, that its every passion is essential to its strength, beauty, usefulness and blessedness, that God's masterwork is not an abortion. Has he the boldness to deny this? Man is endowed by his creator with all the faculties, energies, affections necessary to the accomplishment of his present and future destiny, and no more. Sin is the perversion or over action or wrong action of what in itself, for certain purposes, in certain relations is good. We give the confident gentleman these propositions to reflect upon. He *stumbles* at our remark about *falling*. But it is very plain. When we are once at the bottom of a bottomless pit we can get no farther, we suppose. How can *total* depravity become vicious? if we are all wrong in the beginning, how can we degenerate—how fall? can we add ugliness to total deformity? yet he speaks of a constant departure from God through life. This is marvellous. We came into the world as far from him as possible, and continue to go *farther* as long as we remain in it. But we have a graver duty to perform. We seriously doubt what he says about Priestley. We do not impeach his veracity, but his zeal has made him unguarded. It is hardly possible Priestley ever made the remarks he ascribes to him. What! he who spent so much of his life and energy in freeing christianity from superstitious and pernicious errors; who exerted his simple, superior powers to stay the progress of skepticism in France; who in the maintainance of his freedom in Christ, patiently endured all kinds of abuse and persecution—he confess that there is little difference between those views for which he had done and borne so much, and infidelity? We ask the editor of the Watchman for proof. It may be so. But if so, then we have vastly misunderstood the man whom we have delighted to honor.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, ANDOVER.

We were present on this occasion. The day was delightful. On coming in sight of the institution, we felt an emotion of patriotic pride and enthusiasm. It brought to mind the array of those illustrious ancestors who have infused into their children so deep regard for religion and intelligence. It is an expression and monument of that devout and disinterested spirit which is the richest inheritance we have received from them. It is also one of the jewels of our beloved commonwealth. It has done and will do much to sustain and extend her moral influence, to increase her literary fame and to elevate her intellectual position. Most deeply did we regret that a single fetter is up on its energies, a single shadow on its brightness, that there should be any thing in its management and ministrations to render it unpleasant or unprofitable to any honest, free mind in the pursuit of divine knowledge. Its location is extremely fine. Beautiful for situation is this mount Zion. The impressions of the surrounding scenery are soothing and elevating. The *varied* God is lying and moving about in still beauty, in serene grandeur. The place is worthy of its high consecration. Some of the professors called forth our *almost* unmingled respect and veneration. Their manners and appearance were full of simplicity, sincerity and dignity. The thought was painful that *such men* can be induced, every few years, to bind their soul's free activity, to acknowledge those their masters, who have no right to reign over them, or do any thing that may obstruct the breaking forth of new light from God's word, and to go to Jesus under the guidance of frail mortality.

The performances of the class were respectable. No one perhaps evinced any remarkable cultivation or talent. We heard little that we did not approve. The piece on the Atonement was a mere tissue of the extravagrant, common-place assumptions and assertions of calvinistic theology on the subject. The speaker wholly misapprehended the opinions and reasonings of those who reject the doctrine. He did not once *fairly* hit the point in controversy. Twenty years from hence, we hope he will be better able to determine what is the chief doctrine of Christianity.

Very heartily did we join in the closing prayer, that God would protect, guide and bless those young men, and we added, that he would give them grace to put away every prejudice and conception that might restrain their sympathies towards any portion of their brethren who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

Mr Huntington writes there has been a real revival in Hillsborough, Illinois. His preaching has been attended with much success. A church has been organized, consisting of thirty members. The ordinance of baptism was administered to seventeen. Five only of the number had previously professed attachment to religion. A deep and fervent spirit of rational piety prevails. May his labors be still more abundantly blessed.

Mrs Sherwood, hitherto highly esteemed by the calvinists as a writer of religious books, has become a universalist. Her former admirers lament the fall most bitterly. But we had much rather see people's sympathies and hopes enlarging than otherwise—though we would rather behold them entering that medium path on which reason and revelation pour so strong a light, and which leads direct to the city of our God.

But we are ever disposed to swing from one extreme to another. And in fact the more ancient universalism was only an expansion of calvinism. It was an extension of the doctrine of election to the whole race. The blood of Christ was sufficient to wash away all sin, and would do it. Salvation in both cases was based on the eternal decrees of God and the mysterious influences of the Atonement. Calvinism is the mother of universalism. It always flourishes best where that has been most rankly inculcated. We have not much regard for universalism as a system of religious doctrine—though we have great respect for the worth and honesty of many that embrace it. We think its reasonings generally feeble and false—in violation of the best established laws and principles of our nature, as well as the plain teachings of our Savior. (We have no reference to the views of the Restorationists.) Still we have no doubt it has been of considerable benefit to our community. It has kept thousands under some, if not the highest religious influences, who had been hardened and perverted by the severe spirit and gross errors of calvinism. And many of their preachers are doing much good in the promotion of temperance. They deserve well of their fellow-citizens. We entertain a strong confidence that when their conflicts ceases and a calm season of study and reflection shall have passed over them, they will retrace their steps till they get upon a more excellent way, and will embrace the Gospel, in its *fulness* as well as in its tenderness and simplicity.

AN ORATION, delivered July 4th, 1839, at Medfield. By John A. Bolles.

The zealous interest, taken by so large a portion of our young men in the cause of temperance, is one of the most cheering signs of the times. Rum finds its defence and advocates in habits and prejudices which are fast passing away. Its legions are the thinned and broken ranks of a generation soon to disappear. Their strength and numbers are constantly failing and diminishing. Death daily enfeebles their force, removes some obstruction to the triumph of the glorious enterprise. The clouds are all piled about the western horizon. The regions of morning are glowing with beauty and promise. The day that has dawned will be full of light, *holy* light, heaven's first-born offspring, and its sun will set in serene splendor. What in contemplation more affecting, more sublime, than to behold the thousands of our young people eagerly pressing forward to sustain the cause of righteousness, of God, to drive from their homes and their country the mother of iniquity and misery? Who would not weep over one that should array himself in opposition to this movement? Its fiercest foes would not willingly see their sons pursuing the same course. No, they would rejoice to find their names on a temperance book. Many of these young men have witnessed and felt the fiendish power of alcohol. It quenched the joys of their young hearts. It turned the light of boyhood into blood. It poured darkness over every prospect. It laid the hand of death on their fresh, gushing affections. It infused an intense bitterness into the rising stream of their life. It filled their glad spirits with a sadness so profound that its shadows still remain. They have looked on the tears of mothers and the silent anguish of sisters. Shall not then these most painful recollections stimulate them to do what they can to destroy the foe of all peace and goodness, to wage an unrelenting war against him? By the grace of God we trust that they will persevere—that they will not throw down their weapons nor bate their ardor till his empire is wholly overthrown. And shall they not speak to those, in terms of severe rebuke, who continue to scatter these unspeakable evils through society? They have a right so to do. Their sufferings have given it to them. They know whereof they affirm.

It is appropriate that the triumphs of temperance should be celebrated on our nation's birth day. Its progress is that of the great principle then so heroically proclaimed. It is effecting the greatest good of the greatest number. It is the sovereignty of the people rising to secure their dearest interests. It is the happiness and welfare of the community prevailing against the profits of a class—the rights of all men against the gratification of appetite and avarice. It is the triumph of principle over passion, of truth over error, of reason over lust, of humanity over its foes, of the consciences, prosperity and convictions of the many, over the unworthy purposes and desires of the few. It is the true republicanism. It is a conflict against a particular interest. It is the mighty, undying spirit of the Revolution at work among us. It is the blood of patriots warm and strong in the hearts of their children. *The great people* have come forward and said, we will no longer endure these miseries and wrongs. Individuals reply, you shall. It is for our advantage. We will move heaven and earth to insure their continuance. Let the plans and purposes of the opposition succeed, and the cause of freedom receives a deep wound; the welfare of the commonwealth is given into the hands of an interested class.

There is another view perhaps not less important. Let temperance, by means of moral suasion and legal enactments, achieve a complete victory and establish her mild reign among us, and we shall win the purest honor for our free institutions. It will demonstrate their safety, efficacy, superior energy to effect the most worthy objects. It will show that a government that wields chiefly moral power is mightier than one resting on physical force. It will do more to assure the friends of freedom in the old world than all our past history. It will put keener, more resistless weapons into their hands. It will afford them arguments which their enemies will not be able to gainsay nor resist. It will kindle up for us a brighter glory than ever before encircled a nation. It will be among the sublimest achievements of earth. In the presence of such a fact tyrants will indeed tremble on their old thrones. A voice as of many waters will be every where heard. France has conquered kingdoms: freemen only can conquer themselves. England rules the ocean's waves: her nobler descendants in another hemisphere rule the waves of human appetite. Monarchies reign over men's bodies: Republics in their souls. Social salvation must come forth from democracy.

Mr Bolles has labored ardently and perseveringly in the cause. He will not lose his reward. With all those who have been foremost in this regeneration he will hold a high place in the kingdom of temperance, in the respect and gratitude of his fellow men. There is much in this oration that we like. There is at least one passage that we do not like. We

cannot approve the use of mock prayers however striking may be their effects. It strikes us as equally offensive to correct taste and devout sentiment. The following passage contains an important truth.

It is pertinent to my subject, to look a little more narrowly at the views of our revolutionary fathers.

In their opinion, the welfare and happiness of the people constitute the true end of government; in other words, the protection of the people against the usurpations of power, against the violence and wrong of individual or associated wrong-doers,—against all trespassers on common rights. In their opinion, the people are the fountain of civil authority, and the good of the people furnishes the theoretical limit, as certainly as a written Constitution prescribes the express limit, of the authority of government.

The American Revolution was the first grand triumph of these truths over long-established wrong. The Revolution proclaimed the doctrine, that the people, alone can rightfully organize governments, frame constitutions, and enact laws; that the welfare of the many must not suffer for the benefit of the one; or of the few, and that the individual and the class of individuals, who build up their own power, or rank, or wealth, upon the sufferings, poverty, degradation or slavery, of the many, are wrong-doers, enemies to good government, and blots on the face of society.

These are sound and saving doctrines, and in their application, as in the administration of the laws of God, there is no respect of persons; but whether it be kings that tyranize, or an aristocracy that usurps and misrules;—whether an individual trespasser, robber and murderer, or a riotous mob;—whether a rascal without a trade, or a rascal with and by means of one;—whether men who grow rich by poisoning their fellow-men, or by impoverishing and brutalizing them, or men who get gain by stimulating general disorder, vice and crime;—no matter who or what may be the offender,—these grand and glorious principles condemn them all; and over them all, from the tyrant upon his throne, to the dram-seller in his den, these principles must, sooner or later, and every where, triumph.

Thus we see, that temperance needs no better friend that sound and republican doctrine.

It is the practical adoption of this fundamental truth of the people's right to provide for their own welfare as a people, which distinguishes our government from all others. Nay, it is this which constitutes freedom.

In all other governments, particular regard is shown to individuals, to families, to classes and ranks of men, or to particular professions, offices and modes of employment. In all other governments, wrongs may be, and are, done to the mass of society, in order that some favorite may fatten and flourish; monopolies of iniquity are created and conferred; special licenses to plunder or to kill are sold or given away, and practices of general mischief are tolerated or sustained, under the patronage of unjust authority.

All this is at war with the spirit and principle of our own government. No such political iniquity can be tolerated here. Every man's individual interest, and the interests of every particular set, class, calling, or profession, are rigidly subordinated to the good of the whole society. It is true, that even here, *under a mistaken view of facts*, some abuses may be permitted by common consent, and even fostered by legislation, until, in process of time, those who have made profit of them, begin to imagine themselves possessed of a prescriptive right to do mischief. But *whenever the truth is brought to light*, whenever the people discover the wrong which they have suffered, and find out that they have been warming in their bosoms a nest of vipers,—unaware of the deadly venom of the cherished reptiles,—it is certain, that they will speedily put forth their power to crush the poisonous brood. They would be grossly unfaithful to duty, if they did not thus assert the doctrines of freedom.

THE SCHOOL FRIEND.

This little book has been prepared for the use of children by the author of American Popular Lessons. Deeply interested in the subject of the popular education, she has investigated, with some concern and care, the instruments in use for that object, not only in this country, but in others. The economy of the German schools has deservedly engaged the attention of all persons concerned in exalting the character of our institutions of like kind, and in those schools the books employed are as remarkable as the discipline. The books used in the schools of Saxe-Weimar, are held in esteem throughout Germany. Some of these have been procured and translated, in this country, and their excellent lessons in the elements of morality seem to the translator to be admirable, but their peculiar form and nationality are not in perfect congruity with that mode of instruction which is familiar and attractive to our children. To make the School Friend acceptable and useful to them, it is necessary that it should be Americanised, and with this design it has been rendered in the present form. The School Friend contains lessons in poetry and prose, which assume to teach children the principles of duty by examples chiefly; and it also attempts within the narrow limits of a small volume to teach something of the economy of creation, to give a few expositions of obvious laws, and to point out some of the harmonies of nature in their relations to human comfort. The doctrine of divine Providence, and principles of right action, inform every page of the book, and it is hoped that it may be found useful to the teacher and the taught.—[*Communicated.*

Savannah, August 13, 1839.

At a regular monthly meeting of the Georgia Historical Society held last evening, the following preamble and resolutions, submitted by Dr. Wm. B. Stevens, were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, in the recent dispensation of Divine Providence, which has taken from our midst the Reverend William Vincent Thacher, we feel that both ourselves and the community have been bereft of a learned associate and a virtuous citizen, therefore be it

Resolved that the Georgia Historical Society have learned with much regret the decease of their late associate, and respectfully tender to the bereaved and lamenting friends, our unfeigned condolence for our mutual loss, and our hearty acknowledgements of the many manifestations of his public and private virtues during his brief sojourn in this city.

Resolved that a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to his family, and that they be also published in the Gazettes of this city.

I. K. TEFFT, *Corresponding Secretary.*

We judge from several facts that have lately come under our notice, that the cause of colonization is becoming more popular. A society has been formed in Andover, to which all the Professors belong.

Dedication at Dover.—The New Church in the First Parish in Dover Ms. will be dedicated on Wednesday 18th inst. Services will commence at 2 o'clock P. M.

The Editor of the Recorder says he is certain of a burning. The South throws him into the fire because he is a rank abolitionist. And some of his friends here are disposed to do the same thing because he advocates slavery.

MINISTRY AT LARGE IN CINCINNATI.

The remarks we might have made as introductory to the report, that follows, are better contained in the note addressed to us accompanying its reception. We trust our venerable friend will excuse the liberty we have taken in making this use of it. We would not presume to speak in regard to a subject of this kind while having at our disposal remarks from him.

Dear Sir,—I send you 'the first Semi-annual report of the Minister at Large in Cincinnati.' The Minister at Large there, is Mr James H. Perkins, formerly of this city, a gentleman eminently qualified for the work. To those who know any thing of him, it will be enough to say, that he has determined to give his life to this service. May God prolong that life for many years! An event more auspicious to Cincinnati could not have occurred there, than the establishment of Mr Perkins in this office. It formed a part of the original design of the ministry at large, either by semi-annual, or annual Reports, to bring before the educated and prosperous, and the serious and Christian portions of the inhabitants of cities, the whole condition, physical, intellectual and moral, of the classes to be found there unconnected with any religious Society; and at once to suggest, and to carry out the means, as far as shall be practicable, by which all the blessings of Christianity may be extended to these classes. In his first Semi-annual Report, Mr Perkins has sketched an outline, in these respects, of Cincinnati, and of his purposes in the ministry. He tells us neither of the greatness of his exertions, nor of the good he has accomplished. But he does that which is much better. He has given us such an exposition as he was prepared to give, of his plans and hopes, in which any one will see, at a glance, how great is the work before him, and how admirable the faith with which he has entered upon it. Let this ministry be committed only to such as shall be qualified for its services, and let a sufficient number for it be demanded and obtained in any city, and in a very few years it will be the means of effecting a moral reform, which I believe can be looked for from no other agency. It will arrest and stay many streams of evil at their source. It will meet, and to an important extent satisfy many and crying necessities of multitudes, for which there is now no provision; and from the want of provision for which spring very many crimes, and unspeakable misery. It will subserve the cause of Christianity as it cannot otherwise be subserved, by actually showing the adaptation of our religion to raise, to save, and to bless the poor and neglected and outcast and lost. And it will supersede the necessity of many municipal regulations and services, and of a vast expense for prisons and alms-houses, and otherwise in respect to mendicancy and crime, by enabling very many of the poor to sustain themselves, and by recovering transgressors at their first stage in iniquity.—May I propose that you should publish in the Register the whole of the Report of Mr Perkins? By dividing it into two parts, and by giving these parts in two successive papers, it will not, I think, occupy more space than the readers of the Register will be glad to see so appropriated.

Respectfully, J. T.

First Semi Annual Report of the Minister at Large in Cincinnati.

To the friends of the ministry at large in Cincinnati.

In offering to you, my Christian friends, a Report of my proceedings during the first half year of my ministry, I shall, for the sake of distinctness, speak of that ministry under four heads: presenting to you,

1st. My views of the duties of my office in a place like this:

2d. My views of the best modes of procedure here:

3d. The information which I have collected, and the steps that I have already taken:

And 4th. My hopes, plans, and prospects for the future.

1. Cincinnati was peopled from all portions of the Atlantic States, and of Europe; and chiefly by persons who sought, in a new country, the means of comfort, and the way to wealth. The consequence has been, a greater advancement of *individual*, than of *general* objects: literary and charitable institutions have not attained that fixedness and form, which a fixed population and hereditary wealth alone give. The population of Cincinnati has been comparatively shifting, and each inhabitant has been seeking his own ends. While, therefore, a liberality approaching profuseness has been shown here upon all occasions of temporary suffering, it is only within the last few years that permanent and large investments for public objects have been made among us. Our public school houses, which show a true public spirit; our Orphan Asylum; our House of Employment; our Bethel; our Academy of Natural Science; our College; our Mechanics Institute; have all been originated or permanently established within the last seven years. Within that period, also, our police has been entirely changed; a night watch undertaken; our jail extended and wonderfully improved; and our City Government chosen with reference to the exercise of its powers against intemperance. Meanwhile, few persons have been found who would, or could, devote much time to objects of purely public interest; what has been done, and it has been a great deal, has been done by the labor of one for a little while, and another for a little while. Seeing all this, when I entered upon my duties, I determined to labor in a wider sphere than that commonly supposed to belong to a Clergyman; I resolved to make it my aim to forward the religious and moral progress of our city in every way that offered itself; believing that though for a time the width of my field might make the results of my labor invisible, yet that in the end they would be far greater than if my efforts were confined to a narrower region. I proposed to myself, therefore, to inquire,

1st. As to pauperism in Cincinnati, meaning thereby *entire dependence on charity.*

2d. As to poverty, or *occasional dependence*; asking the number of paupers and poor people, the causes of pauperism and poverty; the condition of these people; the relief given them.

3d. I proposed to learn the number of persons who have no pastor.

4th. Of those who attend no church.

5th. I wished to learn the number of children not attending school.

6th. Of those not attending Sunday school.

7th. I proposed to learn what I could of prostitution.

8th. Of intemperance.

9th. Of crime against the municipal law.

And 10th. Of immorality generally.

I further proposed, to inquire what change for the better could be made with regard to pauper relief and police action, and seek to aid it; and also to act as pastor to as many as I could of the destitute, to send all I could influence to church, to provide places at school or service for children, and set every means of reform at work that God might please to put into my power.

II. Having laid out so wide a field of labor, I determined to act therein cautiously and with consideration; so, if possible, as not to enlist prejudices and passions against me. Meaning to give my life to the work, I was willing to go forward slowly; to be sure of going right rather than quick; to lay broad, and deep, and enduring foundations, in place of rearing instantly a structure that would endure but a little while. Three dangers I saw plainly before me. In the first place, having been bred a lawyer, my acts might be by many interpreted into interested personal endeavors to secure popularity; in the second place, if it were known that I had devoted myself to clerical labors, there was danger of their being thought sectarian, and of my being looked on as the organ of a sect against which no small amount of prepossession exists among all the larger Christian bodies; my third danger was that of being mistaken for a mere alms giver. I determined, therefore, to let the knowledge of my change of profession and present purposes go abroad naturally and widely as possible; to counteract in every way the idea that my objects were sectarian, or that I was connected with any body of Christians *in opposition* to others: and also to act as little as possible in the capacity of an alms giver. In short, I thought it best to proceed slowly, securely and naturally.

III. In accordance with the views expressed above, my first step was to form acquaintance with those whom I was likely to meet in the prosecution of my purposes. I waited upon the Catholics, Methodists, Universalists, the Episcopal city missionary, and all others whose pursuits lead them into the same places that I am seeking. I am most happy to say that they all welcomed me most kindly as a fellow-laborer in the cause of humanity. I also informed those lawyers, physicians and clergymen, with whom I came in contact, of my plans and hopes, and tried to enlist their efforts in the same cause. To most of those with whom I talked, the idea of a ministry at large, as distinct from a sectarian mission, was new and strange, often unintelligible; in most persons I found little faith in the power of kindness, sympathy and truth, to influence the poor, the ignorant, and the infidel. I also sought, not violently, for that would awaken suspicion and antagonism, but quietly and naturally, to extend my acquaintance among the great, powerful, and, with us, most worthy, classes of laboring men; mechanics, draymen, and day laborers.

While engaged in visiting for the purpose of forming acquaintances, I was enabled to, and did acquire considerable insight into the subjects of pauperism, religious want, and crime, a portion of which I proceed to lay before you. I say 'a portion,' because much of what we learn of want and evil is of a nature that makes it impossible for us to communicate it to others, though it may be of the deepest value to ourselves.

First—Of pauperism. The *number* of entirely dependant persons in the west is small in comparison with other lands, and is quite limited in Cincinnati; I do not think the number of paupers here, (excluding orphans of whom there are 100 to 120) exceeds one hundred and fifty persons, if those be excepted who depend upon relatives and friends who conceal the fact.

The *causes* of pauperism are chiefly old age, chronic disease, or incurable bad habits, by which I mean such as are incurable by the ordinary modes of proceeding.

The *condition* of the paupers is generally all that could be wished; more cases of petted and over-indulged want, however, have fallen under my notice than of neglect.

The *relief* of the dependant poor is, 1st. from the township trustees, who pay so much a week to very many, beside furnishing them with wood, and support others at the Hospital, whither the sick paupers and such of the well as can work, or cannot be trusted to disburse the funds given them, are sent; 2d. from the benevolent societies, who help many of this class; 3d. from religious societies, some of which, as the Quakers, Baptists, Episcopalians, &c., support their own dependant poor wholly; and 4th. from a few benevolent individuals.

Second—Of poverty. The *number* of the poor no one can calculate, changing as it does with the weather, commercial prosperity, and countless other causes; it probably varies, including children, from one to five hundred persons; or if we reckon all who receive the benefit of our Hospital, the number will reach sixteen or eighteen hundred.

The *causes* of poverty are, chief of all, intemperance; second to this, disease, much of it hereditary; third, perhaps, bad temper on the part of wives, caused by reverse of fortune, disappointment after immigration, or ill-judged marriages, of which too many take place in a country where public opinion is against illegitimate connections, and the support of a family easy; and fourth, there is now and then poverty from want of immediate employment and the absence of economical habits.

The *condition* of the poor, even in this land of milk and honey, is often deplorable and very hard to deal with. As this is a most important class, and as a little assistance, and sympathy, and counsel to the suffering may often have more power than countless sermons, I have devoted much attention to this class and its condition, and will briefly present my views and experience.

I find among the poor two great bodies who are very much in need of help both physical and moral viz., immigrants who have no friends, little money, no means of getting into employment, scarce any knowledge of the people, and who are often unwell from the bilious nature of our climate; and next, deserted wives, and women who have had children by those whom they were not married to. I have seen many sufferers of both these classes, and am now visiting several such daily, though as yet my visits have been but limited. We have not here as yet any intelligence office, or place where the employers and those wishing employment may learn of one another, and many persons struggle on in some business other than that to which they are used, from mere inability to reach those who want them. I am now visiting an English gardner whose wife was bred on a diary farm, and whose services would have been most valuable to me during the past spring, as well as to many others of my acquaintance, but who has worked himself into a bilious fever at stone-quarrying, earning less than a dollar a day, merely because he and we had no means of reaching one another. With young persons the evil is still greater, and many may be saved from beggary and ruin by the simplest act of one whose means of information are better than theirs. I mean, having learned the extent of this want among us, to make it one of my great aims to establish what may answer as an office for intelligence on the subject of employment. To this class of people, also, when *trouble* comes, a minister at large may be of immense benefit. Those of us who have never been destitute and sick in a foreign land, cannot conceive the utter sinking of heart and hope in a man, hitherto independent, who finds himself on perhaps his death-bed, among strangers, a wife and children about him, and his last dollar melting. I have seen the moral spring given by a friendly visit apparently turn the scale when hanging between life and death.

To the numbers of deserted women who may be found in this region a minister at large may also be of immense service. The ease with which a man leaves his family, the temptations which exist at New Orleans, Natchez, and elsewhere, to seduce him from home attachments, the accidents upon our steam and flat boats, the dirkings and shootings which yet are so frequent,—all cause a great number of deserted families to call on their neighbors for help. If help be given with judgment, constancy, and kind advice, the mother and her children may be saved from degradation and utter ruin; if help be given partially, fitfully, or in a spirit of mere alms-giving, it may be worse than wasted. I cannot enter into minute details, but I have known six or eight deserted wives at one time whose fate was in a great measure, (so far as man can see,) depending upon those who might aid them.

Of the importance of a minister at large to the intemperate I need say nothing, it being self-evident.

One other class of the poor I may refer to; those who have been driven by suffering and want to deception. Of these we have not a few, and I have as yet found no one whose efforts were directed to help, and save these, except Mr Blake, the Episcopal city missionary. Here is a great field for us to act in. With these may be classed some whose good name has suffered from unauthorized rumor, but whose character I fear none would seek to support, unless one devoted as we are to the work. I have even known assistance refused to a woman by all the societies, on the ground of her having cohabited with a stranger, and this report believed in by the Township Trustees, when her marriage license to the man in question was on the open record of the court in our own town. Many such cases, where the temporal and eternal good of the person may be affected by a little labor, continually occur; but that little labor we must for the present undertake. The condition of the poor of Cincinnati in many other points, demands the action of a minister at large, or rather of several such.

The *relief* afforded the poor is by, 1st., the Township Trustees, who give them wood, sometimes advance them money, and put them, if sick, into the hospital. 2d, by the societies, viz: the Methodist Society, which is thoroughly organized, and very admirably conducted; the Universalist Society, of later origin and less perfectly arranged, but in which I find a true and Christian spirit; the Catholic Society, which does a vast deal for the sick particularly; the House of Employment, which finds sewing for women in want, gives away old clothes, &c; and two Episcopal Societies, which act chiefly through their city missionary; 3d, by the churches, all of which do more or less; and 4th, by individuals, who distribute most liberally.

[*Remainder next week.*]

OBITUARY.

For the Register and Observer.

In Leominster, departed this life on the 26th of August Miss Nancy Frink Walker, daughter of the Hon. Lovell Walker, aged 22 years.

This young lady whose departure we are called upon to mourn was ripe for Heaven. Having witnessed the departure of two of her sisters before her, within the last two year, by the same disease to which she was constitutionally exposed, her thoughts were directed to the great subject of what life's end, and life's duties are. Naturally of mild and amiable feelings, she understood well that natural sensibility was not religious principle. She felt that virtue was something to be labored for—and that the most amiable feelings need the guidance of religions principle. This principle she made the rule of her life. She shrunk from what was sinful though sanctioned by custom, and refrained from those amusements which her buoyant feelings would have induced her to engage in, were they not under the influence of higher motives than mere present gratifications. Though thus sensitive to the approach of what was rude, or 'unseemly,' she was the life of the social circle, and enjoyed exceedingly all innocent and refining amusements.

She was a lover of nature. It revealed to her mind the character of God. And during her last sickness, she delighted to look out from her sick chamber window upon the 'mown grass' and the fields ripe for the harvest. She had read with the greatest pleasure Peabody's hymn 'Autumn Evening' and seemed to echo its sentiments from her heart. How much consolation do those administer in the sick chamber who write such hymns. I never shall forget with what pleasure she watched the change of a chrysalis into a beautiful butterfly, and when it was remarked that such was the change of man to a higher life, a light of heavenly origin seemed to beam from her countenance.

As a daughter and a sister, she possessed the crowning virtues, kind, compassionate, sympathizing. Incapable of selfishness she lived for others, and free from jealousy she moved in love every where. Though her sickness was a painful one, she thought more of those who cared for her, than of herself, and rather imparted than received comfort. A bright link has been broken from the golden chain of the family. Surely they have been the sympathy and the tears of those who had admired its lustre.

Miss Walker was a pattern in the Sunday school. She did not meet her class unprepared; with study and prayer she appeared before them, and she felt that it was not enough for a teacher to *teach* religion. They must *live* it. Indeed she did not believe that one could teach the child the way of virtue, who did not themselves walk in it. It was to her mind a solemn office. She felt it to be so more and more. She did not 'rush in' as many do 'where angels fear to stand,' but she approached her class with a sense of deep responsibility. She was a faithful teacher, often she came to commune with her class when she could not attend church. Her class were attached to her, and their tears on her fresh grave attest their love. She not only felt her duty to prepare herself for her class, but she felt that she must use all the means that religion furnishes to aid in this preparation. She therefore united with the church as a duty that she owed to her Savior, as well as to enable her by this means to quicken the religious sentiments and set before her class an example of all righteousness, with religious feelings of the most delicate character and with the keenest sensitivenes to every profession of peculiar religious attainments, she approached the altar and dedicated herself to God. She had none of that sickly sensibility which will not conform to established church customs, though naturally timid, and retiring Though she could not bear the public gaze without shrinking, she could stand forth and profess her desire to follow Jesus without fear. Though distrustful of herself she had confidence in her Savior. And though she laid her hand upon the altar with trembling, she did it in faith. We shall long remember her in our circle of teachers. She is the first who has been called to render her account.

'Tis ever thus—'tis ever thus, with all that's best below;
The dearest, noblest, loveliest are always first to go!'

Blessed be God that such a bright example has gone up from our midst—may we be ready to follow with as good an account to render of our stewardship.

S.

INTELLIGENCE.

Aurora Borealis.—The following paragraph from the Portsmouth N. H. Journal, is, for the most part, a correct description of the beautiful phenomenon, as viewed from our city.

'Curtains of the Heavens.'—On Tuesday evening, Sept. 3d, there was one of the most brilliant displays of the Aurora Borealis that has ever visited our latitudes. A few minutes after sunset the Eastern and Southern quarters of the heavens appeared to be hung with a light pink gauze curtain—gathered to a point in the benith. As the evening advanced, the curtain with little change of position began to assume a variety of hues of the most extraordinary beauty. Two narrow segments of the circle of the heavens, one in N. W. and the other directly oposite in the S. E., changed from pink to a threatening angry red—and seemed to blaze up fiercely like struggling flames from a distant conflagration—through which occasionally were seen shooting stars. In the Eastern and Southern sections of the heavens, at about 10 o'clock, there seemed to be constantly unfolding a waving banner in the zenith, of a delicate pale hue, but gradually deepening as it deseended towards the horizon into a pure apple-green, wrrpping the sky in mild but imposing splendors;—transitory as they were beautifull, they gradually melted away into the depths of air, leaving the mind solemnly impressed with the power and grandeur of that Being who spreadeth out the heavens as a tent, all hung with folds of living light, and spangled with glittering stars.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

The Southern Rose.—We regret to learn that our literary parterre is no longer to be graced with the bloom or enriched with the fragrance of this lovely flower. It has, for seven years, been the pride and ornament of our periodical literature, first enrapturing childhood with its *budding* sweetness, and then enchanting maturity with its *full bloom* loveliness.—Closed now may be its petals—dried now may be its leaves—but the *herbarium* will embalm the floral gem which the garden has lost. We are gratified, however, to perceive that the *Southern Rose* has not been discontinued from lack of patronage, but rather because the hand of its amiable and gifted editor can no longer be conveniently devoted to such an exacting culture; and because her pure and instructive contributions to our literature will hereafter be exclusively enshrined in a more imposing and enduring shape.—*Charleston Courier.*

*** Our account of the Barnstable celebration, and other articles of interest are necessarily deferred.

Fires.—The soap and candle factory of Messrs C. Valentine & Co. at Cambridgeport, was burnt on Monday evening. The loss is estimated at nearly $20,000, which is partly insured. The two principal buildings were discovered to be on fire nearly at the same time, and hence it is believed that they were set on fire.

On Wednesday evening about half past 10 o'clock, a fire broke out in the extensive stable attached to the City Tavern. For some time the greatest anxiety was felt for the safety of the surrounding buildings; but by the timely and judicious management as well as great exertions of the fire department, (with the exception of a severe scorching to some of the immediate adjoining buildings) it was confined exclusively to the stable, which was in a short time bereft of every thing consumable. Fourteen horses were burnt.

Abolition of Slavery in the French Colonies.—Louis Philippe has lately issued two ordinances, which may be considered as the beginning of emancipation in his dominions.

The first requires a consus and registry of slaves in the several towns, in which they are held, and provides that a slave, who shall not be registered, shall be free.

The object of this ordinance is explained by the French papers to be, that the government may be able 'to control all the mutations which may take place in the condition of their population.'

The second ordinance enfranchises in the island of Martinque, Guadaloupe, French Guiana, and the isle of Bourbon,

1. All slaves, with whom their masters or mistresses have contracted marriage.

2. All slaves, who, with the consent of their masters have contracted marriage with free persons; and if the parties have had natural children, these also are free.

3. All slaves, who, with the consent of their masters, are claimed by free persons, with whom they have contracted marriage before the date of this ordinance.

4. All slaves adopted with the consent of their masters by a free person.

5. All slaves who shall have been made general legatees by their masters, or appointed executors or guardians of his children.

6. Natural children, who are the slaves of their father or of their mother.

7. Parents, who are the slaves of their children.

8. Brothers and sisters, who are the slaves of their brothers and sisters.

The Chamber of Deputies have again taken up the subject of general emancipation. The plan proposed is nearly the same as that brought forward last year by M. Passy, now one of the ministers. Its leading feature is the emancipation of all born after the passage of this act. But this project was declared, when it was first introduced, to be merely initiative, or in other words, *a feeler.—Liberator.*

From the La Plata.—Papers from Rio Janeiro to July 27th, have been received. The Editor of the Journal of Commerce, for whom an interesting letter from Rio has been translated, says, respecting the late assassinations in Buenos Ayres, 'Governor Rosas appears to have become desperate, and the sooner his political career is terminated the better it will be for his country and for mankind. We have always regarded him as a tyrant—we now think him a monster.'

We give the following brief extract from the letter.

MONTVIDEO, July 9th, 1839.

It is now some months since Rosas's paper announced that the people were preparing to punish conspirators. We knew not the time,—but it has now come. Cullen has been shot; the President of the House of Representatives, Don Manuel Vicente Maza, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, has been assassinated by two strokes of a poinard.

After Colonel Maza was assassinated, more than twenty persons were executed. It was thought the people would not remain passive, and that in view of such enormous crimes an insurrection would take place.

From England.—The Steam Ship Great Western arrived at New York at 11 o'clock on Tuesday, after a passage of sixteen and a half days, having sailed August 24 from Bristol, bringing 110 passengers.

The wheat harvest throughout the South of England was nearly over, and the crops were generally good. In the midland counties the crops were not so good, and in the North the harvest would be late, and the result uncertain. Throughout France and the continent generally, the crops were good.

The Cotton market at Liverpool has improved to the extent of 1 4 a 1 2d. a pound.

The Queen was to prorogue the Parliament in person on the 27th. There had been a report of her intended marriage, which was contradicted.

The royal consent had been given to the new postage bill, by which the postage on single letters is reduced to one penny, to every part of the kingdom, and double letters in proportion to number and weight. This is a great improvement.

The Great Western, on her last outward passage, arrived at Bristol in 12 days and 11 hours; the British Queen at Portsmouth in 13 days and 14 hours.

The British government has concluded a contract with private individuals, for an extensive steam communication between England and the West Indies, and the ports of South America; and also, the packets are to call at Charleston, S. C., if not at another of the southern ports. The steam ships are to be fourteen in number, and of 1400 tons burthen—and there are to be two mails per month to and fro.

The British Queen was to leave London Sept. 1. and Portsmouth the 2d, on her second voyage to New York.

LECTURES TO TEACHERS.

The Second Course of these Lectures will commence on Wednesday, the 25th of September, at half past 3 o'clock, P. M., at Tremont Hall, opposite the Savings Bank. The Introductory will be given by the Rev. A. B. Muzzey, of Cambridge: subject, 'The Objects and Means of School Instruction.'

The Course will consist of twelve or more Lectures, by gentlemen well qualified to treat the subjects assigned, all of which will have a bearing, more or less direct, on the vocation and objects of the Teacher.

The Lectures will be wholly gratuitous, and all persons, in town or country, interested in them, are respectfully and earnestly invited to attend.

The following gentlemen compose the committee. G. F. Thayer, H. W. Carter, S. G. Howe, Horace Mann, Jos. H. Abbot, W. D. Ticknor, J. E. Bumstead. sep 14

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Sept. 8, Gridley J. F. Bryant to Miss Louisa B. Bird.

In Little Compton, R I. 5th inst. Mr Sidney B. Morse, of the firm of S. F. Morse & Co. to Miss Mary Ann, daughter of Samuel Sanford, Esq—all of Boston.

In Chatham, N. J. 5th inst. by Rev Dr Milner, Rev John S. Stone, D. D. of Boston, to Mary, daughter of James Kent, Esq.

DEATHS.

In this city, 6th inst. of consumption, Mrs Abby S. H. wife of Mr Lucius Reed, of Baltimore, and adopted daughter of John S. Harris, 32.

In this city, Sept. 6, very suddenly, Rufus Davenport, 70. Mr D. will be remembered by members of past Legislatures, for his untiring efforts in urging on their attention his incessant petitions in favor of what he termed a 'Right Aim School.'

In Roxbury, Sept. 7, Mr Samuel S. Williams, of the firm of John Doggett & Co. of this city, 53.

In Dorchester on the 5th inst. Mr Robert P. Tolman aged 58 years.

In Hopkinton, N. H. Mr Amos Sibley, 54.

In Newton, on Tuesday morning, Mr James Andrews, senior partner in the house of James Andrews & Son.

In Hingham, 5th inst., Thomas Thaxter, Esq., 79.

THE subscriber has the pleasure of informing his friends and the public that the Fall quarter of of his school will commence on Monday 8 October. He receives pupils of both sexes whom he is ready to instruct in the ancient and modern languages as well as the various branches of an English education.

A few more lads can be accommodated with board in his own family. He is permitted to refer to

Rev. Dr. Tuckerman
Rev. Dr Parkman
Benj. Shurtleff, M. D. sept 14

NEW BOOKS.—Treatise on the Steam Engine, by James Remick, LL. D.—with plates
Flora's Lexicon, by Miss C. H. Waterman, with colored plates
The Literary Souvenir for 1840, edited by Wm. E. Burton
The Gem, a Christmas and New Year's Gift for 1840.
The Pearl, or Affection's Gift for 1840
The Gift, edited by Miss Leslie for 1840
The Violet for 1840, edited by Miss Leslie
The Religious Offering for 1840, edited by Miss C. H. Waterman
Fair Rosamond, or the Times of Henry Second.
Essays and Poems, by Jones Very
Southey's Poetical Works, collected by himself, in one vol. royal 8 vo. with a portrait.
Just published and for sale by WM. CROSBY & CO. 118 Washington St. sept 14

NEW BOOKS.
Hyperion, by Prof. Longfellow
Murray's Travels in North America
Animal Mechanism and Physiology.
Confessions of a School Master, by Dr Alcott
The Naval Foundling, 3 vols.
Memoir of Mrs Hemans, by Mr Hughes
Poems, by Jones Very
Norton's Address
Sewall's Daily Devotions. &c. &c.
For sale by JAMES MUROE & CO. 134 Washington st. sept 14

TODDS WORKS.—Truth Made Simple—Todd's Lectures to Children—Student's Manual—Sunday School Teacher—Index Rerum. For sale by JOSEPH DOWE 22 Court st. sept 14

SPLENDID LOT OF ENGLISH BOOKS—Just received at TICKNOR'S, corner of Washington and School street.
Walker's Rhyming Dictionary
Farrady's Electricity,
Jackson on Wood Engraving
Campbell's Shapspeare,
Brougham's Statesmen, both series, splendidly illustrated,
Sowerby's Conchological Manual, colored, elegant,
Annals of Natural History, 2v
Lockhart's Life of Scott, 8v.
Romance of Nature
Shakspeare Gallery, 4to, beautiful copy,
Paul and Virginia, Pictorial, 8vo,
Shakspeare, 1 v, ct
Milton, 1 do do,
&c &c &c sep 14

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS—Including their private Life, Government, Laws, Arts, Manufactures, Religion and Early History; derived from a comparison of the Paintings, Sculptures, and Monuments still existing, with the accounts of Ancient Authors. Illustrated by Drawings of those subjects, by J. G. Wilkinson, F. R. S. &c., in 3 vols, 8vo. Just received and for sale by CHAS. C. LITTLE & Jas. BROWN. Sept. 14

NEW Edition of Southey's Poetical Works.—The Poetical works of Robert Southey, collected by himself—complete in 1 vol. royal 8vo This day published and for sale by CHAS. C. LITTLE & JAS. BROWN. sept. 14.

CHURCH BELLS.—Warranted of as fine tone as any made in this country, for sale by the subscribers at twenty four cents per lb.—Old Bells recast at short notice—orders by mail or otherwise will meet with prompt attention.
HENRY N. HOOPER & CO.
24 Commercial St., Boston.
jy 20 is1aw6mo

FAMILY OIL STORE.
THE Subscriber would inform his friends and the Public, that he has added to his Oil and Candle Establishment, 109 State Street, a Retail Department, for the purpose of supplying families with pure Spermaceti Oil, which he will warrant in all cases to burn freely, and without crusting the wick. And he will send it to all parts of the city free of expense.
sep 7 HENRY CLAPP, JR.

WOOD AND COALS.
500 Cords Nova Scotia Wood.
1000 Tons first quality Red Ash Coal, for Grates.
300 Tons first quality White Ash Coal, for Furnaces.
600 Chaldron New Castle, Orrel, Sydney, and Cannel Coal for Grates and for Smith use.
100 Chaldon Scotch Coal, a superior article for Grates or Smith use.
For sale by MOSES FRENCH, JR.
Main Wharf Broad Street,
near the bottom of Summer Street.
sep 7 3m

PURE SPERM OIL.
E. T. HASTINGS & Co., 101 State street, have constantly for sale Winter, Fall, and Spring strained Sperm Oil, of first quality, for family use. Oil cannisters of various sizes.
Oil sent to any part of the city, free of expense.
jan 13 1stf

SILK GOODS AND SHAWL WAREHOUSE,
141 *Washington street,.....Boston.*

E. F. NEWHALL,

Has removed to the spacious rooms, 141 Washington street, opposite the Old South Church, And has received by recent arrivals from France and England, an elegant assortment of fashionable Fall and Winter Goods, consisting of—

Rich French Cashmere Shawls, superb new designs, on black, blue, red, bird of paradise, fawn, drab, white, blue-black, brown, ash, apple and grass green grounds; with plain and filled centres, of various sizes. Prices from 12 to $50 each.

English Cashmere and Victoria square Shawls, some bright and beautiful patterns, on fawn, drab, red, blue-black, white, harlequin and carpet grounds. Prices from 10 to $20 each.

Silk Cashmere and Edinboro Shawls, a beautiful assortment of new patterns, similar to the French Cashmeres. Prices, from 5 to $15 each.

Real Thibet Wool Long Shawls, very rich and heavy ends, with black, red, green and white centres. Prices from 30 to $50 each.

Huguenot, Balzora, Moscow, Chebille, Highland Plaided, and other Woollen travelling Shawls, of large size and good styles.

India Camel's hair Shawls and Scarfs, of various kinds——Plain black Shawls, for Mourning.

Merino long and square Shawls, of best quality, black, red and white; all wool borders.

Plain Thibet Shawls, for Friends, of various sizes, mode colors and white; with a great variety of low priced Shawls, of different kinds. Making altogether a very splendid assortment, which will be sold cheaper than at any previous season.

☞ Purchasers of Shawls, desirous of obtaining a choice article at a low price, are invited to call.

SILK GOODS.—Super black and India Satins; blue-black and rich colored Satins; Gros de Noble; Gros de Paris; Gros de Swiss; Gros de Naples; first rate heavy double Pou de Sois, of high lustre, assorted light and dark shades; and other desirable styles of plain and corded Silks in great variety of color.

Rich figured Pou de Sois and Rep Silks, large and small figures, a beautiful assortment of colors; some entire new, figures and stripes.

Blue-black figured and heavy corded Silks, of superior quality.

Rich plain jet and blue-black Silks, of all kinds and prices.

Matteoni Lustrings—plain English Glassa Lustring of beautiful light colors for party dresses—rich heavy black double faced Silks—plaided Lustrings—Sinchaws—Satin Levantines—Sarsnets—with a large lot of low priced Silks, of various descriptions, making a very large assortment of staple and fancy Silk Goods, of prime qualities, which will be sold cheap.

Rich Chalie, Challe de Laines, and Pondicherry, of new and beautiful styles, in great variety. Richest Mouselaine de Laines, embroidered, printed and plain—French Embroideries, Lace Veils and Velvets—Woollen, Worsted and Silk materials, of every description, for Ladies' Cloaks and Pelisses, and various other Goods of the best styles.

☞ The Proprietor of this establishment invites the attention of Purchasers to the splendid stock of Goods now offered. epistf sep 14

POETRY.

FOR THE REGISTER AND OBSERVER.

ON VISITING MOUNT AUBURN.

I tread on consecrated ground! methinks the sacred spot
Is vocal with the spirit songs of voices long forgot:
They steal upon my inmost soul, and chase the sacred tear,
As blissful dreams of Eden lands, dispel each rising fear.

There's music in the fragrant air, that breathes upon the tombs,
As softly o'er their silent halls, the dewy perfume comes:
And fairer forms, and brighter hues, seem on the roses shed,
That bloom as sentinels around this city of the dead.

'Tis sweet to leave the world awhile, and seek some calm retreat,
Where visions of a better land the weary spirit greet:
'Tis sweet to feel the soothing power, from off the peaceful shade,
Where youth and beauty, truth and love, their quiet dust have laid.

Here, by the infant Cherub's side, the angel mother sleeps,
And still around its tender heart, her guardian vigil keeps:
There, lock'd within each other's arms, companions sweetly rest,
While borne aloft on wings of love, their spirits join the blest.

The silver stream flows gently on, unheeded by the dead,—
They care not for the marble guards, that rise above their head:
They care not for the gorgeous hues, that deck our earthly bowers,
While they can weave a living crown of never-fading flowers.

It is not for departed ones, their home is brighter far;
It needs no drapery like ours, nor light of sun or star:
No,no, 'tis but to lead our souls to fix their hopes on high,
With faith explore the joyous realms, concealed be yond the sky.

Oh, I could wander here alone, till sunset glories fade,
Nor heed the night dews on my brow, nor evening's gathering shade:
And yet, I would not wish my grave made in this hallowed spot,
Ah no! I'd seek some humbler rest, and slumber there forgot.

Or, if perchance a ray of love its holy light should shed,
Or friendship's sigh,or friendship's tear should linger round my bed,
Oh may it be, where nought can mark the silent tribute given,
But, transient as the meteor's light, be known alone in Heaven.

Waltham. L. B T.

The following beautiful and affecting 'Requiem we extract from the Philadelphia Gazette. It is the production of the editor, Willis Gaylord Clark, who lately lost his lovely and accomplished lady.

I love thee still!
Remembrance, faithful to her trust,
Calls thee in beauty from the dust;
Thou comest in the morning light—
Thou'rt with me through the gloomy night;
In dreams I meet thee as of old,
Then thy soft arms my neck enfold,
And thy sweet voice is in my ear;
In every scene to memory dear
I see thee still!

I see thee still!
In every hallowed token round;
This little ring thy finger bound—
This lock of hair thy forehead shaded,
This silken chain by thee was braided,
These flowers, all withered now like thee,
Beloved, thou didst cull for me:
This book was thine—here didst thou read—
This picture, ah! yes, here indeed,
I see thee still!

I see thee still!
Here was thy summer noon's retreat,
This was thy favorite fire-side seat,
This was the chamber, where each day,
I sat and watched the sad decay;
Here on this bed thou last didst lie,
Here, on this pillow, thou didst *die*!
Dark hour! once more its woes unfold—
As then I saw thee pale and cold,
I see thee still!

I see thee still!
Thou art not in the tomb confined,
Death cannot chain theimmortal mind.
Let earth close o'er the sacred trust,
Yet goodness dies not in the dust.
Thee, oh beloved! 'tis not thee,
Beneath the coffin's lid I see;
Thou to a fairer land art gone—
There let me hope, my journey done,
To see thee still!

THE OLD HALL.

'So perish monuments of mortal birth,
'So perish all in turn, save well-recorded worth.'
Byron.

Let us visit each hall and bower,
Once bright and gay,now wrapt in gloom,
Explore each shrine and mouldering tower,
And muse in silence o'er each tomb.

Where'er we turn, on ev'ry hand,
We find some time-worn object nigh,
And crumbling ruins round us stand,
To tell us 'all is vanity.'

Behold yon venerable pile;—
Its massive wall still loth to yield:
Stern Time hath spared it yet a while
To frown o'er that deserted field.

Time was, the eye of beauty glanc'd
Delighted through its lovely bow'rs;
And sportive children lightly danc'd,
Like fairy sprites, among its flow'rs.

And often with the rosy morn,
The huntsman issuing from its court,
O'er hill and dale, with hound and horn,
Pursued in eager joy his sport.

Here, too, in silent closet sate,
The austere statesman, and resolv'd
Things of vast import, and the fate
Of nations in his mind revolv'd.

Where are they now? forever gone!
Each in his turn hath passed away:
Old Hall, thou dost survive alone,
In mock'ry o'er their swift decay.

Thy offices razed to the ground;
Thy terraced walks, thy garden wall,
In hopeless ruin strow'd around,
Thou seest, and still surviv'st them all.
Southern Literary Messenger.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRIALS OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY MISS HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

I have a tale of very homely grievances to present, but such as they are, many a heart will feel them to be heavy—*the trials of a housekeeper*.

'Poh!' says one of the lords of creation taking his cigar out of his mouth, and twirling it between his two fingers, 'what a fuss these women do make of this simple matter of managing a family! I can't see for my life, as there is any thing so extraordinary to be done in this matter of housekeeping—only three meals a day to be got and cleared off, and it really seems to take up the whole of their mind from morning till night. I could keep house without so much of a flurry, I know.'

Now phrithee, good brother, listen to my story, and see how much you know about it. I came to this enlightened west about a year since, and was duly established in a comfortable country residence within a mile and a half of the city, and there commenced the enjoyment of domestic felicity. I had been married about three months, and had been previously in love in the most approved romantic way, with all the proprieties of moon light walks, serenades, sentimental billet doux, and everlasting attachment.

After having been allowed, as I said, about three months to get over this sort of thing, and to prepare for realities, I was located for life, as aforesaid. My family consisted of myself and husband, a female friend as a visitor, and two brothers of my good man, who were engaged with him in business.

I pass over the two or three first days spent in that process of hammering boxes, breaking crockery, knocking things down and picking them up again, which is commonly called getting to housekeeping. As usual, carpets were sewed and stretched, laid down and taken up to be sewed over—things were reformed, transformed, and conformed till at last order began to appear. But now came up the the great point of all. During our confusion we had cooked and eaten our meals in a very miscellaneous and pastoral manner, eating now from the top of a barrel, and now from a fireboard laid on two chairs, and drinking some from tea cups and some from saucers, and some from tumblers, and some from a pitcher big enough to be drowned in; and sleeping, some on sofas, and some on straggling beds and matresses, thrown down here and there, wherever there was room. All these pleasant barbarities were now at an end—the house was in order—the dishes put up in their places—three regular meals were to be administered in one day, all in an orderly civilized form—beds to be made—rooms swept and dusted—dishes washed—knives scoured, and all the et cetera to be attended to. Now for getting 'help,' as Mrs. Trollope says, and where, and how were we to get it? we knew very few persons in the city, and how were we to accomplish the matter? At length the 'house of employment' was mentioned, and my husband was despatched thither regularly every day for a week, while I, in the mean time, was very nearly despatched by the abundance of work at home. At length one evening, as I was sitting completely exhausted, thinking of resorting to the last feminine expedient for supporting life, viz., a good fit of crying, my husband made his appearance with a triumphant air at the door —'There Margaret! I have got you a couple at last—cook and chambermaid!'—so saying he flourished opened the door, and gave to view the picture of a little, dry snuffy looking old woman, and a great staring Dutch girl in a green bonnet with red ribon—mouth wide open, and hands and feet that would have made a Greek sculptor open his mouth too. I addressed forthwith a few words of encouragement to each of this cultivated looking couple, and proceeded to ask their names, and forthwith the old woman began to snuffle and to wipe her face with what was left of an old silk pocket-hankerchief, preparatory to speaking, while the young lady opened her mouth wider, and looking around with a frighted air, as if meditating an escape. After some preliminaries, however, I found out that my old woman was Mrs. Tibbins, and my Hebe's name was Kotterin; also, that she knew much more Dutch than English, and not any too much of either. The old lady was the cook; I ventured a few inquiries—'Had she ever cooked?'

'Yes, ma'am, sartin; she had lived at two or three places in the city.'

'I expect, my dear,' said my husband, confidently, 'that she is an experienced cook, and so your troubles are over,' and he went to reading his newspaper. I said no more, but determined to wait till morning. The breakfast, to be sure, did not do much honor to the talents of my official, but it was the first time, and the place was new to her. After breakfast was cleared away, I proceeded to give direction for dinner; it was merely a plain joint of meat, I said, to be roasted in the tin oven. The 'experienced cook' looked at me, with a stare of entire vacuity; 'the tin oven,' I repeated, 'stands there,' pointing to it.

She walked up to it and touched it with such an appearance of suspicion as if it had been an electrical battery, and then looked round at me with a look of such helpless ignorance that my soul was moved. 'I never see one of them things before,' said she.

'Never saw a tin oven!' I exclaimed; 'I thought you said you had cooked in two or three families.'

'They does not have such things as them' rejoined my old lady. Nothing was to be done, of course, but to instruct her into the philosophy of the case, and having spitted the joint, and given numberless directions, I walked off to my room to superintend the operations of Kotterin, to whom I had committed the making of my bed and the sweeping of my room; it had never come into my head that there could be a wrong way of making a bed, and to this day it is a marvel to me how any one could arrange pillows and quilts to make such a nondescript appearance as mine now presented. One glance showed me that Kotterin, too, was 'just caught,' and that I had as much to do in her department as that of my old lady.

Just then the door bell rang; 'Oh, there is the door bell,' I exclaimed; 'run, Kotterin, and show them into the parlor.'

Kotterin started to run as directed, and then stopped and stood looking round on all the doors, and on me with a wofully puzzled air. 'The street door,' said I, pointing towards the entry. Kotterin blundered into the entry, and stood gazing up with a look of stupid wonder at the bell ringing without any hands, while I went to the door and let in the company, before she could fairly be made to understand the connexion between the ringing and the phenomena of admission.

As dinner approached, I sent word into my kitchen to have it sent on, but recollecting the state of the head of department there, I soon followed my own orders. I found the tin oven standing out in the middle of the kitchen, and my cook seated a la Turk in front of it, contemplating the roast meat, with full as puzzled an air as in the morning. I once more explained the mystery of taking it out, and assisted her to get it on the platter, though somewhat cooled by having been so long set out for inspection. I was standing holding the spit in my hand, when Kotterin, who had heard the door bell ringing, and was determined this time to be in season, ran into the hall, and soon returning, opened the kitchen door, and politely ushered in three or four fashionable looking ladies, exclaimed, 'here she is!' As these were strangers from the city who had come to make their first call, this introduction was far from proving an eligible one—the look of thunderstruck astonishment with which I greeted their first appearance, as I stood brandishing the spit, and the terrified snuffing and staring of poor Mrs. Tibbins, who had again recourse to her old pocket handkerchief, almost entirely vanquished their gravity, and it was evident that they were on the point of a broad laugh; so, recovering my self possession, I apologized, and led the way to the parlor.

Let these few moments be a specimen of the four mortal weeks that I spent with these 'helps,' during which time I did almost as much work, with, twice as much anxiety, as when there was nobody here, and yet every thing went wrong beside. The young gentlemen complained of the patches of starch grimmed to their collars and the streaks of black coal ironed into their dickeys, while one week every pocket handkerchief in the house was starched so stiff that you might as well have carried an earthen plate in your pocket—the tumblers looked muddy, the plates were never washed clean nor wiped dry; unless I attended to each one; and as to eating and drinking, we experienced a variety that we had not before considered possible.

At length the old woman vanished from the stage, and was succeeded by a knowing active, capable damsel, with a temper like a steel trap, who remained with me just one week, and then went off in a fit of spite. To her succeeded a rosy good natured, merry lass, who broke the crockery, burnt the dinner, tore the clothes in ironing, and knocked down every thing that stood in her way about the house, without at all discomposing herself about the matter. One night she took the stopper from a barrel of molasses, and came singing off up stairs, while the molasses ran soberly out into the cellar bottom all night till by morning it was in a state of universal emancipation. Having done this, and also despatched an entire set of tea things, by letting the waiter fall, she one day made her disappearance.

Then for a wonder, there fell to my lot a tidy, efficient, trained English girl—pretty and genteel and neat, and knowing how to do every thing, and with the sweetest temper in the world. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'I shall rest from my labors.' Every thing about the house began to go right, and looked as clean and genteel as Mary's own pretty self. But alas, this period was interrupted by the vision of a clever, trim looking young man, who for some weeks could be heard scraping his feet at the kitchen door every Sunday night—and at last Miss Mary, with some smiling and blushing gave me to understand that she must leave in two weeks.

'Why Mary,' said I, feeling a little mischievous, 'don't you like the place?'

'Oh yes ma'am.'

'Then why do you look for another.'

'I am not going to another place.'

'What, Mary, are you going to learn a trade?'

'No ma'am.'

'Why then what do you mean to do?'

'I expect to keep house myself, ma'am,' said she laughing and blushing.

'Oh, oh,' said I, 'that's it'—and so in two weeks I lost the best little girl in the world—peace to her memory.

After this came an interregnum, which put me in mind of the chapter in Chronicles, that I used to read with great delight where Bash and Elah, and Tibni, and Zimri, and Omari, one after the other came on the throne of Israel, all in the compass of half a dozen verses. We had one old woman who staid a week and went away with the misery in her tooth—one cook, who came at night and ran off before day light in the morning, one very clever girl, who staid a month and then went away because her mother was sick—another who staid six weeks, and was taken with fever herself, and during all this time who can speak the damage and destruction wrought in the domestic paraphernalia, by passing through these multiplied hands?

What shall we do? Shall we go for slavery or shall we give up houses, have no furniture to take care of—keeping merely a bag of meal, a porridge pot, and a pudding stick, and sit in our door in real patriarchal independence? What shall we do?

Answer—Throw off that false and wicked pride which reckons useful labor a disgrace, and, as far as your station will allow, do your own 'house work.'

Much of the ability to do good, lies in the disposition to do it. The very breathing of a benevolent heart is a species of good doing.

INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY OF CONNECTICUTT.

We find the following incident recorded in Hayward's New England Gazeteer. It is said to have taken place something like a century ago, in the town of Ashford in this State.—*Hartford Times.*

'A concourse of people were assembled on the hill in front of the meeting-house to witness the punishment of a man who had been convicted of neglecting to go to meeting on the Sabbath for a period of three months. According to the existing law for such a delinquency the culprit was to be publicly whipped at the post. Just as the whip was about to be applied, a stranger on horseback appeared, rode up to the crowd of spectators, and inquired for what purpose they were assembled. Being informed of the state of the case, the strange gentleman rose upright in his stirrups, and with emphasis addressed the astonished multitude as follows:—'You men of Ashford serve God as if the D—l was in you! Do you think you can *whip* the grace of God into men? Christ will have none but volunteers.' The people stared, while the speaker, probably not caring to be arraigned for contempt of court, put spurs to his horse and was soon out of sight; nor was he ever more seen or heard of by the good people of Ashford.'

We find the following anecdote recorded in the same work:

'The Rev. Mr Bulkley of Colchester, Conn. was famous in his day as a casuist and sage counsellor. A church in his neighborhood had fallen into unhappy divisions and contentions, which they were unable to adjust among themselves. They deputed one of their number to the venerable Bulkley for his services, with a request that he would send it to them in writing. The matters were taken into serious consideration, and the advice, with much deliberation, committed to writing. It so happened that Mr Bulkley had a farm in an extreme part of the town, upon which he entrusted a tenant. In superscribing the two letters, the one for the church was directed to the tenant, and the one for the tenant to the church. The church was convened to hear the advice which was to settle all their disputes. The moderator read as follows: *You will see to the repair of the fences, that they be built high and strong, and you will take special care of the old black bull.* This mystical advice puzzled the church at first, but an interpreter was soon found among the more discerning ones, who said: Brethren, this is the very advice we most need; the directions to repair the fences, is to admonish us to take good heed in the admission and government of our members; we must guard the church by our master's laws, and keep out strange cattle from the fold. And we must in a particular manner set a watchful guard over the *Devil*, the old black bull, who has done so much hurt of late. All perceived the fitness and wisdom of Mr Bulkley's advice, and resolved to be governed by it. The consequence was, all the animosities subsided, and harmony was restored to the long afflicted church.

The following historical facts in relation to the town of Lyme, are also given.

A tract of land, once an Indian reservation, was for sometime in dispute between the towns of Lyme and New London. It was finally agreed to settle their respective titles to the land controversy, by a combat between two champions to be chosen by each for that purpose. The combatants were chosen, and on a day mutually appointed the champions appeared in the field, and fought with their fists till victory declared in favor of the Lyme combatants. Lyme then quietly took possession of the controverted tract and has held it undisputed, to the present day.

Deacon Marvin, a large landholder and an exemplary man, was exceedingly eccentric in some of his notions. His courtship, it is said was as follows: Having one day mounted his horse, with only a sheep skin for a saddle, he rode in front of the house where Betty Lee lived, and without dismounting, requested Betty to come to him; on her coming, he told her that the Lord had sent him there to marry her. Betty without much hesitation, replied, 'The Lord's will be done.'

The following is on the Deacon's monument in the grave yard dated October 18, 1737.

This Deacon, aged 68:
Now freed on earth from serving,
May for a crown of glory wait:
Lyme's Captain Reynold Marvin.

SCHOOL-COUNSELLOR DINTER.

Gustavus Frederic Dinter, was born at a village near Leipsic in 1760. He first distinguished himself as principal of a teacher's seminary in Saxony, whence he was invited by the Prussian government to the station of School Counsellor for Eastern Prussia. He resides at Konigsberg, and about 90 days in the year he spends in visiting the schools of his province, and is incessantly employed nearly 13 hours a day for the rest of his time, in the active duties of his office; and that he may devote himself more exclusively to his work, he lives unmarried. He complains that his laborious occupation prevents his writing as he wishes for the public, yet in addition to his official duties, he lectures several times a week during term time in the university at Konigsberg, and always has in his house a number of indigent boys, whose education he superintends and, though poor himself, gives them board and clothing. He has made it a rule to spend every Wednesday afternoon, and if possible, one whole day in the week besides, in writing for the press; and thus, by making the best use of every moment of time, though he was nearly 40 years old before his career as an author commenced, he has contrived to publish more than 60 original works, some of them extending to several volumes, and all of them popular. Of one book, a school Catechism, 50,000 copies were sold previous to 1830; and of his large work, the School Teacher's Bible, in 9 vols. 8vo., 30,000 copies were sold in less than 10 years.

He is often interrupted by persons who are attracted by his fame, or desire his advice, and while conversing with his visitors, that no time may be lost, he employs himself in knitting; and thus not only supplies himself with stockings and mittens, suited to that cold climate, but always has some to give away to indigent students and other poor people. His disinterestedness is quite equal to his activity, and of the income of his publications he devotes annually nearly $500 to benevolent purposes. Unweariedly industrious, and rigidly economical as he is, he lays up nothing for himself. He says, 'I am one of those happy ones, who, when the question is put to them, Lack ye any thing? (Luke xxii. 35.) can answer, with joy, 'Lord, nothing,' To have more than one can use is superfluity, and I do not see how this can make any one happy. People often laugh at me, because I do not wear richer clothing, and live in a more costly style. 'Laugh away, good people; the poor boys also, whose education I pay for, and for whom besides I can spare a few dollars for Christmas gifts, and New Year's presents, they have their laugh too.'

Towards the close of his auto-biography, he says respecting the King of Prussia, 'I live happily under Frederic William; he has just given me 130,000 dollars to build churches with in destitute places; he has established a new Teachers' Seminary for my poor Polanders, and he has so fulfilled my every wish for the good of posterity, that I can myself hope to live to see the time when there shall be no schoolmaster in Prussia more poorly paid than a common laborer. He has never hesitated, during the whole term of my office, to grant me any reasonable request for the helping forward of the school system. God bless him. I am with all my heart a Prussian And now, my friends, when ye hear that old Dinter is dead, say, 'May he rest in peace; he was a laborious, good-hearted, religious man; he was a Christian.'

A few such men in the United States would effect a wonderful change in the general tone of our educational efforts.—*Professor Stowe, Bib. Repository.*

Historical Treasures.—We are rejoiced to see the increasing attention paid to historical preservations. Immense masses of most precious documents have heretofore been used up for 'singeing chickens,' as they say at the book-auctions, but we trust that Vandal day has gone by. In New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and New York, Societies have existed for many years, and made many valuable publications. In several other States they have been lately formed —as Ohio, and last of all, *Georgia*—for we have just received the Circular of this Association from the Secretary at Savannah. Its auspices seem to be excellent, and we know that rich mines lie under the surface in that State, though *nearly out* of ground, which will amply repay the work of the antiquarian's plough-share. Judge Berrien, of Savannah, is President, and the Secretary, is our indefatigable friend Mr Tefft, of autograph renown.

We embrace the occasion to pass a merited compliment to another set of men who should not be forgotten because they are 'always with us.' Let any reader visit the room of *our* Historical Society, the senior of all, and he may see signs of what such men as Belknap, (the founder) Minot, Elliott, Thacher, Winthrop, Freeman, Tudor, and Governor Sullivan, have done for us, and our posterity, in the times gone by; and what in our time such as Jenks, Wallcut, Harris, Davis, Pierce, Savage, Pickering, and many others have added to their work. This in collection and in composition both, for we bear in mind Savage's splendid edition of '*Winthrop*;' Dr Belknap's *New Hampshire*, which cost him 20 years' labor; Governor Sullivan's '*Maine*;' the revision of Hubbard's History; Minot's History; Dr Holmes's Annals, and other contributions to American History by other members of this invaluable Association; works which could probably never have been written in any other State but this. The Society now has 6,000 volumes, besides MS—mostly historical. Its newspapers alone are worth all its funds. It possesses 23 vols folio of documents given by Governor Trumbull, of Connecticut. Some of the MS are as old as the age of Richard II. It is a curious fact that the famous German, Ebeling, has been among the most successful of our collectors of early American files of papers.

Some of the paintings of the Society are not without value, including those of the Winslow family, which have been borrowed by members of it in England, as both authentic and unique. That of the old Governor of Plymouth, is generally ascribed to Vandyke, who is thought to have painted it when the Governor visited the old country as Commissioner.—*Transcript.*

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